

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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BALLAD OF THE GIBBET.

[An epitaph in the form of a ballad that Francoys Villon wrote of himself and his company, they expecting shortly to be hanged.]

BROTHERS and men that shall after us be,
Let not your hearts be hard to us!
For pitying thin our misery
Ye shall find God the more piteous.
Look on us six that are hanging thus,
And for the flesh that so much we cherished
How it is eaten of birds and perished,
And ashes and dust fill our bones' place,
Mere not at us that so feeble be,
And pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Listen, we pray you, and look not in scorn,
Though justly, in sooth, we are cast to die,
Ye wot no man so wise is born
That keeps his wisdom constantly.
Be ye then merciful and cry
To Mary's Son that is piteous,
That His mercy take no stain from us,
Saving us out of the fiery place.
We are but dead, let no soul deny
To pray God succour us of His grace.

The water of heaven has washed us clean,
The sun has scorched us black and bare,
Ravens and rooks they have pecked at our een,
And lined their nests with our beards and
hair;
Round are we tossed, and here and there,
This way and that at the wild wind's will,
Not for a moment our bodies are still —
Birds they are busy about my face.
Be not as we, nor fare as we fare,
Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Dark Blue.

"AH, WHERE BE ALL THE GALLANTS YOUNG?"

AH, where be all the gallants young
With whom I went, in the days of old,
So sweet of song, so kind of tongue,
In deed and word so glad and bold?
Lo! many a one is dead and cold,
Their souls abide the saints among,
Of them it is no longer told;
God give the rest good reckoning.

And some that I of old did know
Are lords and masters in the land;
And naked some a-begging go,
And see bread only when they stand
To stare through windows; and a band
Turned monks, in cells of the Chartreuse:
No oyster fishers through the sand
Than these my friends trail thicker shoes.

Francoys Villon, A.D. 1413.

CHASTENED.

My soul was stricken on a summer day
With sudden sickness in her bloom and pride,
And through the length of all that year she lay,
Feeble, sore-smitten, trusting to have died.
She rose not up to see the reapers pass,
To lay their sickles in the yellow wheat;
Nor did she move when winter trod the grass
And flowers, to nothingness with icy feet.
But when the spring-time ruled the land again,
Mysterious yearnings in my spirit woke,
New energies endowed her heart and brain,
And she essayed to break her sorrow's yoke,
And said to it, "Thy rule is my disgrace,
I have been blind, now will I see thy face."

Then rose the grief that long had ruled my soul,
And these two struggled for the mastery;
But God had made my spirit's vision whole,
While grief was veiled, and might not plainly
see.
Then sprang my spirit conquering and free,
To draw the veil from off the dreaded face,
And lo! the face was marvellous to see,
Divine: an angel's: full of awful grace.
"God sent me," said the angel, "unto thee,
A chastening rod, for loving kindness sake,
And if thou choose to hold me, I will be
A staff for leaning when all others break."
"I take thee," said my soul. "Of no true
worth
Is life without thee. Walk with me henceforth."

All The Year Round.

THE FATE OF BEAUTY.

A ROSE in beauty, glowing,
Beside a clear stream flowing
In rapid tide,
In the clear wave's reflection
Admired her own perfection,
And loved and sighed.
The wilding breeze upspringing
Despoiled the leaflets, flinging
Them down the wave,
To seek, all crushed and vapid,
Young Beauty's fate so rapid,
An early grave!

Temple Bar.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

SHE plucked it for the cherished youth,
A rosebud brightly glowing,
A tender pledge of love and truth —
'Twas one of Eden's growing!
And as with rival blush all over —
Herself a rose — the rosebud she bestows,
"Am I not worthy too," soft sighed her lover,
"To have the rose herself who gave the
rose?"

Temple Bar.

From Saint Pauls.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WHICH is the most mortifying to a man of genius who cares for fame — to be totally unknown, or wofully *misknown*? Probably the second of the two cases is the least agreeable. When Thackeray was canvassing Oxford, he introduced himself to some college don or other as the author of "Vanity Fair." "Something in the Bunyan way, I presume?" innocently inquired the great man. At Wimbledon camp, last year, a gentleman seeing an officer reading aloud under a great tent to a large number of people, asked of a policeman who was keeping order what the officer was reading. "Dickens's 'Penny Picnic', sir," said the policeman. This was simply laughable, and nobody would have enjoyed the man's harmless misknowledge more than Dickens himself. But it must have been rather a different case when, at a party at Oxford, a gentleman in no way distinguished by any look of peculiar stupidity, asked Hawthorne if he was not the author of "The Red Letter A." It would weaken the interest some writers take in literary glory, if they would only keep their eyes open to the fact that the greater part of the knowledge of them which is possessed by the great body of the public is mere misknowledge. Very few, indeed, of the people who read a book which is popular know more about it after a month is over than the gentleman who could not remember the title of "The Scarlet Letter." There was a time when "The Scarlet Letter," had some claim to be considered a popular book; but it owed a large part of its general diffusion to the fact that it could be and was sold in this country for a shilling. And it is undoubtedly true that Hawthorne is essentially a writer for select readers. Beyond the inner circle there is a pretty considerable public who turn over his books, or, at least, "The Scarlet Letter;" but to the majority of these good people he is of necessity a man so much *misknown*, that he might himself have preferred not being read at all by them. At least one would say so, if it were not for the strong proofs afforded by his memoranda posthumously

published of the pleasure he took in being widely, if remotely, known. He could not have missed seeing the frequent declarations of English critics, that he was, on the whole, the most original man of genius America had produced. When we bear in mind the names which this verdict placed second to him — Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, and Poe — we cannot wonder that he took pleasure in the verdict; though he undoubtedly did so in a shy way that had a smack of humour in it. It was a verdict that might be a little disputed in favour of Emerson; some people would say, in favour of Poe; but after all, there was something mechanical about the movement of the fine faculties of the latter, and, as Lowell says of him, in his writings "the heart is all squeezed out by the mind." There are, no doubt, critics at present, who would affirm that the advent of Walt Whitman has changed the conditions and that *he* is now the most original man of genius that America has produced. There is something to be said for this last claim; for whether we decide that Whitman is a great poet who will live, or only the splendid Apollo of rowdies, he is the most truly American of the writers of merit that America has produced. Emerson, indeed, is American; so, in a way, is Lowell, under the *persona* of Hosea Biglow; so, in a way, is Longfellow, in the "Song of Hiawatha;" so, again, is Cooper in his novels. But, indeed, the whole question of "Americanism" involves some curious matters that are well worth looking at.

To begin with, it is exceedingly difficult for us English to catch in a new literature the distinct impress of another nationality when the language employed by the writers is our own, written idiomatically and with perfect purity; as, for example, Poe, Hawthorne, Prescott, Longfellow, and Bryant wrote. The first accents of nationality that strike our ears are usually such as relate to scenery and minor circumstances. We perceive that a writer is an American (the title is not exhaustively accurate as a definition) if he writes squash instead of pumpkin, and talks familiarly of the blue-bird and the hickory-pole, or of caucuses and mass-meetings,

dollars and dimes, and so on. These are accidents of a kind which may turn up in literature of any quality, in America or elsewhere. But when a writer like Lowell seizes a peculiar type of character which we at once recognize as national, or when Hawthorne describes the scenery of the Assaboth (in the introduction to the "Mosses from an Old Manse"), or Emerson paints a landscape such as we can nowhere see on this side of the Atlantic, we find him American in another and a higher sense. He is American just as a man who is always letting out about the Rhine (and perhaps, his grandmother) is German. But there are other ways yet of being American.

Hawthorne painted American scenery beautifully, but he painted that of Italy with equal beauty, and sometimes that of England. Only he seems to have been the first of his countrymen whose literary self-consciousness, so to speak, was American. It was almost irritably so. His mind stands back, and looks around, and realizes its traditions, and the relation of his people to the parent people, and deliberately formulates itself as American. He always shows himself distinctly wide-awake to the particulars in which America has broken with the old traditions; and yet he hardly appears resigned to her privations — to the absence of the wall-flower, the ivy, and the lichen on the walls of her civilization, for example; or, again, to the absence of a supremely cultured and "leisured" class in America; or to that of "the untouched and ornamental" in general in her social fabric. In "The House of the Seven Gables" he has very vividly, and evidently with only partial consciousness of what he was about, shown us the way in which his mind had been at work upon the old problems in the new forms in which they appeared to him in the growth of his country under the shadow of English tradition. He writes as if he resented the fact that he could not be an American and an Englishman all at once. People may deny this as long as they please, and maintain that it is our national conceit which makes us think these things; but Hawthorne would not have denied it if it had been pressed home

to him in a quiet hour by an Englishman of genial humour and true love of American freedom. There are perpetually recurring traces in his writings of a sense that the "go-ahead" spirit seemed, for the present at least, to involve a kind and degree of impermanence which was painful. In "The House of the Seven Gables," which we now know he preferred to "The Scarlet Letter" — a very significant fact — we have a striking embodiment of all this. The young "Red Republican" daguerreotypist, descendant of Maule, who baffled and mesmerised the ancient Pyncheon, is the representation of Labour and Progress, and he marries Phoebe Pyncheon. Here is the reconciliation of the aristocratic spirit with the spirit of modern equality. But though the young man has been not long previously quarrelling with the kind of permanence which is symbolized by antiquated houses like that of the Seven Gables, he is no sooner betrothed than he, too, contemplates the permanent, and proposes a new wing to the Pyncheon house.

This is one instance, too, out of a hundred that could be cited to illustrate the way and the degree in which Hawthorne, without becoming cynical, so often seems to approach the confines of cynicism — the hazy border-land in which we so often find him stealing along, softly, with his face towards the light, but with a slant look at the gloom beyond. Another instance occurs at the opening of "The Scarlet Letter," where the author notices, quite unnecessarily as it appears, the fact that wherever men go and sit down in large numbers, there are two things which they are compelled to set up — namely, a prison and a graveyard. Take, again, the remark of the sexton when he hands to Arthur Dimmesdale, on the pulpit stairs, the minister's glove which he had picked up on the pillory. Again, the various readings which different people give to the Letter A said to be seen in the sky in the night upon which Arthur mounts that place of shame in the dark by himself. Again, the different versions which tradition gave of the wonderful closing scene of the story, and of the minister's dying speech to the people. Again, the sudden

confession at the end of "The Blithedale Romance," that the narrator of the story was himself in love with Priscilla — an announcement which throws backward upon the narrative a most peculiar colouring. Again, the story of Goodman Brown. In all these and in many other instances, we feel the presence of a fine genius which flies, and mounts heavenwards, but which yet looks as if it *might* have singed its wing at some time. There are two ways, and only two, in which such awkward corners as his mind is always running against can be, in military phrase, "turned;" by a very *dogmatic* moral faculty, or by a much stronger sense of humour than Hawthorne possessed. Richter, Sterne, or Molière would have wrapped up that touch about the prison and the graveyard in such a nice, warm laugh that we should not have been stung by it. When some Yankee "Jokist" the other day told us that a certain district was so healthy, that when they "inaugurated" the cemetery they had to shoot a man on purpose, we were reminded of the inevitableness of that institution; but the humour took away all possibility of pain. It is not Hawthorne's fault that he had not humour adapted to the effort in question, though he had a fine, quiet humour of his own. Nor is it his fault that he has not dogmatic or intellectual force enough, or even sufficient depth of passion, to enable him to "turn" the corners which yet he appears unable to avoid. "The Scarlet Letter" is the most intense of his writings, or, at least, it can only be rivalled in that particular by "Transformation;" but in neither is the passion quite strong enough to communicate to the reader that sense of absolute and final moral victory which, after so much pain, the heart craves. It by no means follows that a picture of the very last despairs of the human soul, with only just light enough to exhibit them, should depress. If the picture be only strong enough, it may ensure a reaction of triumph in the soul of the spectator. But the strength is essential; and of that has Hawthorne quite enough, even for purposes of passion? "There is Hawthorne," writes Lowell in his brilliant Fable for the Critics —

"There is Hawthorne with genius so shrinking
and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that
is there" —

and in Hawthorne there really is a true and effective force. But is it quite sufficient for the desperate ground through which he so often makes the reader travel?

The defect is no doubt partly of the intellect. His writings, with small exceptions, start the deepest difficulties, and then rather worry them than shake the life out of them. Nowhere is the *statement* of a problem complete, or even as complete as it might be. In "The House of the Seven Gables," if Holgrave, the daguerreotypist, must needs start that question between the old and the new, he should have more to say about it than what he delivers with a sad smile. In "The Blithedale Romance," the question of the relation of what may be called vocational philanthropy to the exercise of the private affections is left in a highly unsatisfactory condition, and the book closes with the most dismal picture of a man of noble aspirations utterly broken down by remorse — morally crushed because he could not at any time rally his conscience into action after having caused the suicide of the beautiful Zenobia. Generally speaking, indeed, remorse and failure play too prominent a part in these writings. It is not well to exhibit remorse as having power to kill, or almost to kill the soul of a man, and there to leave the matter. Nor, as we shall see in a moment, can we wholly admit the plea that Hawthorne was primarily an artist, not a moralist. In "The Scarlet Letter," the climax of the story is grand indeed, and the general result more wholesome. But even here we occasionally feel stifled. Remorse is not allowed to kill the soul of Arthur Dimmesdale; but, again, we have an immense problem started, and a most lurid exhibition of its difficulties, and then we are put off at the end with a hint that some day "a new truth" will be disclosed which will put the whole relation of man and woman upon a better footing. (I may incidentally mention that in F. W. Robertson's Diary, this passage is quoted at length and attributed

to Mr. Arthur Helps.) This puts one in mind of the advice of, I think, Quintus Fixlein, in *Jean Paul*—“There are important conclusions to be drawn from this, and *I advise you to draw them.*” Still less hopeful is the state of the case at the close of “Transformation.” In that story, Donatello, the Faun, is supposed to have risen to a higher moral life in consequence of a crime, and Kenyon, the painter, puts the question whether sin may not be a necessary condition of moral and spiritual growth. Hilda flinches with horror from the notion, Kenyon utterly disavows it, and there the matter ends. But we all perceive that “Transformation” was written for the very purpose of putting *some such* question, and we naturally ask that if such problems are to be dealt with at all they should at least be stripped bare and boldly grasped. As it is, we are not even left with a problem—we get a mere perplexity.* A little resolute reflection would have brought a mind of a certain degree (not necessarily the highest) of speculative force face to face with the ultimate question in terms which would not have shocked even Hilda. And then, though we should not have got a solution (for the problem is insoluble), we should have got a problem instead of a perplexity, and that would have, so to speak, wrung out the defiance of the conscience, in company with the last word of the intellect, upon the subject.

Had Hawthorne that certain degree of speculative force? We think not. His imagination, along with much speculative apprehensiveness, is always bringing up questions which he never seizes by the throat. In his pages you are for ever meeting some ghost of this kind; your magician has called him up, but does not lay him for you. It is fair to assume that he could not lay him for himself. Lowell calls him “a John Bunyan-Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck.” The second characterization is better than the first. In Bunyan and Fouqué, both, the good is usually made very clearly to triumph in some way or other. In Hawthorne you have, however, an artist who is so far like Bunyan that every story he tells is a parable, and almost every character a type set in its place for the ends of the parable; but Mr. Greatheart is terribly harassed by the

enemy, and Hopeful is languid. This is partly because Hawthorne was not constitutionally very sanguine, but it is partly because he “tries conclusions” with enemies who are either too strong for him, or so slightly embodied that they fit like ghosts through keyholes of doubt, and leave you just as you were, only with a sense that the place is haunted. We should say that this was a necessary result of one essential quality of Hawthorne’s genius — namely, inconclusiveness, if it were not really apparent in many places that there is something more in it. For example, Arthur Dimmesdale, a Puritan divine in the days of Governor Winthrop, talks to Hester Prynne of adultery as a crime in which they had violated their reverence for each other’s soul; and says, in another place, that what they did had a consecration of its own which made it a less crime than that of the physician, persistently torturing two hearts and trying to bring one of them to perdition. Now, all this is quite true. But what can we make of a Puritan divine in the seventeenth century speaking of reverence for the soul, and the “consecration” that may lie even in a love which the conscience condemns? The first of these two ideas is natural enough in a Channing, and the second in a Robert Browning; but in Arthur Dimmesdale! Take, again, that very powerful but incongruous and impossible scene in which Arthur Dimmesdale pleads with the stern conscript fathers of New England for Hester, gives reasons for leaving the custody of the child Pearl with its mother, and actually tells these Puritan magistrates to their face that there was a peculiar sacredness in the relation of Pearl to Hester. If it were at all conceivable—it is not—that under the condition of the theological and moral culture of those days a man like Arthur Dimmesdale, and suffering as he was, should have succeeded in wringing out of his soul some of the truth which he spoke to the grim old fellows, it is simply incredible that they should ask him to “make that plain,” and placidly profess themselves convinced by his pleading. They would not have understood a word he said, and if they had understood they would assuredly have answered him —“Much learning, Master Dimmesdale, hath made thee mad.” These are instances, which could be paralleled by the score, of Hawthorne’s imperfect grasp of speculative conditions, even in matters which he might have been supposed thoroughly to understand.

We have hinted that Hawthorne is a

* The same difficulty is started in the beautifully finished story of “The Birth-Mark.” It is characteristic of Hawthorne and illustrative of what we are now saying, that he admitted, or rather smilingly avowed, having forgotten what some of these short stories meant!

great artist in parable, and that his characters are almost all of them types created with a capacity for serving the purposes of the parable. This is strictly true, and it is one of the greatest triumphs of the wonderful genius of the man that he has usually continued to make them still human and natural, and to put them in motion in narratives that work artistically to the appointed climax. There are some exceptions to this rule — Clifford, the "abortive lover of the beautiful," as he has been called, is one. It is still more surprising that this naturalness of effect should have been attained in spite of, or rather in most wonderful harmony with, the results of that inconclusiveness which we have mentioned as giving in more than one particular the stamp to his novels. It may, indeed, be called the brand of the Hawthorne genius. The way in which it most powerfully works is this. He never allows you to make up your mind, and seems never to have made up his own, whether there is a preternatural element at work in the narrative or not. The manner in which he takes up a wild tradition or an awful superstition (*e.g.*, that the body of the wounded will bleed at the approach of the murderer), or some startling unexplained phenomena (*e.g.*, those of mesmerism), and impacts, so to speak, ordinary events and persons into such things, is familiar to all his readers. His scenery and his persons are wrought out with the utmost distinctness, but every now and then he lets down a curtain of lurid haze all round, or sends a shudder over the page, before you well know where you are. This is the characteristic way in which the indeterminateness of his mind works for us. To the last we are not quite sure that we have got to "the rights" of the connection or identity of Priscilla and the Veiled Lady, or the connection between Zenobia and the tropical flower she wore, or the "Maule's blood" of the Pyncheon tradition, or the harpsichord music in the old Pyncheon house, or Donatello's faun-like ears, or the "red letter A" as the Oxford gentleman called it. Again, this indeterminateness will be found to be of the essence of the Hawthorne humour. The best example of that is the exquisite account of the Salem custom-house, or, rather, of its people. In Hawthorne's mind, everything seemed capable of meaning something else, and the endless filaments of suggestion sent out in search of symbolic meanings, — you can see them trembling all round at every capture like a spider's web. There is one other source

of the extreme fascination of this man's writings. A plain word for it would be concentration, or pertinacity; but in the lurid haze under which his genius so often works it becomes something for which we really want a name. Perhaps we might call it a fatality of method which carries an almost awfully impersonal look with it. When Judge Pyncheon sits dead in his chair in the dark room all night and the genius of the author, through all that most terrible time, walks round and round him in the gloom, gradually closing in upon the solemn fact that you well know all the while, you feel with a shudder, that this bad man is not only dead, he is dead-dead — fatally dead, so to speak. Now, the movement of Hawthorne as a narrator is always of this kind. He gradually *closes in* upon his idea; but as you feel that his imagination is doing this spontaneously, the effect is like that of some preternatural fatality.*

Of the fine artistic finish of Hawthorne's work, of his beautifully transparent style, of his exquisite descriptions of natural scenery and works of art, much has already been written. They are beyond praise, and they are known to all the world. Upon minor peculiarities of his style something might be said, if there were space. But I may repeat, in passing, a question I have put before — Why is it that painters have seldom, if ever, taken subjects from his novels? The only reason that occurs to me is that Hawthorne so entirely seizes the scene, when he wishes to do it, and so finely and exhaustively paints it, that a painter would be under too much restraint in working at the canvas. I have in my mind the two opening chapters of "The Scarlet Letter." What could any pencil do with them but just copy?

Of the personal qualities that are exhibited in the writings of Hawthorne, something might in any case be said, and the last notes from his diaries have gone far to make his character public property. His fine feelings towards women and children, his compassion for suffering, his utter harmlessness, his radical patience of nature (though he *must* have been irritable in the scientific sense of the word), his love of his

* Contrast Hawthorne's manner with that of Fielding. Here and there a sensitive woman, or a sharp critic, guesses at the outset who is the mother of "Tom Jones;" but to the majority of readers the discovery comes suddenly at last, like a clap of thunder. In "The Scarlet Letter," the dullest reader knows from the very first scene, who is Pearl's father; but in spite of this, we follow with breathless interest (not suspense or curiosity) the author's gradual beleaguering of the dreadful truth.

native country and his friends — all these lie upon the surface of his books, and they receive abundant illustration in the diaries. Upon the surface, also, lies what, if his genius and character had not made good their high privileges of exemption, we might call some want of "grit." We discern this in his flinching from the solid cabbage-rose beauty of a full-grown Englishwoman, and we fancy that he was never, from his birth to his death, quite at home with ordinary human nature. Most kind and affectionate he evidently was, and made, above all things, for home; but he never quite realized the solidity of human life and human beings, and was not capable of social abandonment. For this he was not to blame, but it must be borne in mind in giving due value to his estimates of men and things.

When deductions have been made, we find the Note-books * most delightful reading. It is very soothing to follow this fine novelist in his quiet rambles about England, and particularly about London, usually with his wife and children, but almost always happy, and quite always minutely observant. It is pleasant to find that the more he sees of us English the better he likes us. He begins by finding our weather cold and bad, and ends by finding it sunny and exquisite — too hot, in fact. He always tells us what he had to eat, and, when out and about, appears to have drunk a pint of ale at every lunch or dinner. A great part of the volumes consist of memoranda of his own acts of kindness to the poor and suffering. There are charming descriptions and anecdotes, told in his best manner, and he is always delightful in speaking of children: which would make us wonder why his "Tanglewood Tales" were not better, if it were not plain, in spite of "Transformation," that Hawthorne's mind was not particularly well fitted to manipulate Greek legend.

There is a passage in Mrs. Hawthorne's preface which ought not to be suppressed here: —

"It is very earnestly hoped that these volumes of Notes — American, English, and by-and-by Italian — will dispel an often expressed opinion that Mr. Hawthorne was gloomy and morbid. He had the inevitable pensiveness and gravity of a person who possessed what friend of his called 'the awful power of insight;' but his mood was always cheerful and equal, and his mind peculiarly healthy, and the airy

splendour of his wit and humour was the light of his home. He saw too far to be despondent, though his vivid sympathies and shaping imagination often made him sad in behalf of others. He also perceived morbidity, wherever it existed, instantly, as if by the illumination of his own steady cheer; and he had the plastic power of putting himself into each person's situation, and of looking from every point of view, which made his charity most comprehensive. From this cause he necessarily attracted confidences, and became confessor to very many sinning and suffering souls, to whom he gave tender sympathy and help, while resigning judgment to the Omniscient and All-wise."

This is highly significant in its bearing upon the burrowing, or almost inquisitorial, character of Hawthorne's studies of humanity; and a word or two more in the way of following up points already raised may not be undesirable. That peculiar shyness which a coarse person might have called want of grit, running as it did into incapacity for even *imaginative* social abandonment, had much to do with both the burrowing and the — what shall we call it? — the encircling, or beleaguering, movement of Hawthorne's mind. The truth is, that if he had had a more easy, natural, flesh-and-blood grasp, both of living and of imaginary persons, he would have created much stronger and simpler figures. As it is, we can see that at first there is a sort of flinching, or falling-back, movement of the whole of his nature, and then, after a time, he begins a kind of *teredo* action upon the character or the subject. Mr. Browning's manner may be called inquisitorial too, but how different in its boldness and flesh-and-blood grasp. You almost touch the hands and rub the shoulders of his people! On the other hand, we should have lost that weird indecision of the imagination which yet persists, returning to its point again and again, yet delaying to strike the final blow, in a way which to a victim threatened by him would be torture. We should also have lost that portion — the largest and most valuable — of Hawthorne's humour which consists in what I might call the zest of shyness. Destiny herself could not drag him out to dinner, he himself tells us, and to such a man there must have been a keen delight in the involuntary exercise of his faculty of minute observation of others; himself unseen as a ghost. The subtle aroma of this felt delight is great part of Hawthorne's humour. Another element — diffused, like the first — is in his amused and amusing sense of the contrast there was between his own homely tastes and

* "Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

the awful lights with which his imagination so often painted. He could wash up plates and dishes with the best of us, and has recorded certain domestic triumphs in that kind; yet, at the bottom of his most lurid writing there is a sort of subtle plates-and-dishes consciousness. In other words, he felt that there was a certain humour in his writing romances, and the feeling is disclosed in his manner.

One of the things, by-the-bye, which Mr. Hawthorne, in these "Notes," professed himself puzzled about is Mr. Browning's preference of "The Blithedale Romance" to the other tales. The reason is not far to seek, however. The lesson of that powerful romance is, mainly, that the natural affections will not submit to be trampled on by systematized benevolence, but will turn and rend the trampler. This is a lesson after Mr. Browning's own heart, and no wonder that the author of "The Flight of the Duchess," and "A Soul's Tragedy," took kindly to the romance which embodied it. Considered, however, as a critical dictum upon the comparative merit of that work in the Hawthorne library, Mr. Browning's opinion is not worth a moment's thought.

A few minor spoils of one kind or another may be gathered almost at random from these latest volumes. Mr. Hawthorne, in all his patient burrowings into and about London, does not seem to have found out what a variety of splendid views of the east and west are to be had from the bridges. He describes Baron — as being made by his wig to "look like some strange kind of animal, very queer, but sagacious." This may very well be the late Baron Pollock, who looked very much like a *nishiego mnbowe*. But any visitor to Westminster Hall may see several of the English judges who have the kind of look Hawthorne refers to. Hawthorne repeats a good thing from a conversation he had with Mr. Monckton Milnes. He was remarking that American politicians, as a rule, knew very little of literature. Mr. Milnes said that it was the same in England, for Sir —, having had some application made to him about two men of

letters, called upon Mr. Milnes to know whether they were distinguished persons. The two unknown gentlemen were Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Sheridan Knowles. Later, we have seen Lord Palmerston bestowing a pension on poet Close, and Lord Derby on some Irish Tory scribe of about the same rank. These things are very instructive to people who write.

But, after all, the strongest feeling left by these "Notes" upon the mind of any real student and intimate lover of Hawthorne's writings must be one of envious regret, which, if it took clear form, would mean, "It is very hard that I had not the chance of knowing this delightful man of genius, and the honour and joy of many a ramble and talk with him." We hope, too, now that the accomplished lady who shared his life has followed him to the silent land, there is no indecorum in saying what a pleasure it is to be furnished by actual memoranda of his own with proofs, as strong as unobtrusive, that in one more distinguished example the common talk that men of genius are not fitted for a happy home-life was utterly inapplicable. We believe the accepted notion to be quite untrue; that whatever scintilla of excuse it may have is founded on facts which are favourable to men of letters; and that there are just as many unhappy married cheesemongers as poets, only we do not hear so much of the cheesemongers, nor do they possess the same trick and necessity of expression. One thing, meanwhile, is abundantly clear — namely, that the lady whose remains were recently laid in Kensal Green Cemetery did truly share the life of her husband.

Turning out of mere respect, from her grave, before we make the remark, we may just ask those who repeat by rote the usual merciless criticisms of the married life of persons of exceptional faculty, to consider for a moment what would have been the consequence if Hawthorne had been unhappily married? No human being can possibly tell, but probably it would have been the destruction of his delicate genius, and the entire perversion of his career.

*CHAPTER XLII.

THE Sunday after the wedding the young Frau von Rambow was busy in the morning with her housekeeping, and wrote down her expenses in her account book, and then sat in deep thought, till she was wholly disheartened with vague distress and anxiety, for she felt certain that things were going badly with Axel; but she had no idea of the desperate condition at which they had really arrived, through his unwise management, for her worst suspicions and anxieties fell far short of the truth. She merely inferred from his unsteady, hasty demeanor, and the restlessness which drove him hither and thither, that he was in great difficulty. That it was the most extreme difficulty, that the knife was at his throat, and a slight accident, a little maliciousness, might finish the business, she truly did not dream. He had told her nothing; he had ordered horses to be put to the carriage that morning, and had gone off for three days. Where? Why? Those were questions that no longer passed her lips, for why should she knock at a door from which issued only falsehood and evasion? She closed her account book with a sigh, and said to herself, "What is the use? A woman's hands cannot prop up a falling house." And as she saw Fritz Triddelsitz, through the window, strolling wearily and sleepily across the yard, she let her hands fall in her lap, saying, "And all the management depends on him; and it is fortunate too, for he is honest, and has been brought up by Habermann. Ah, Habermann! Habermann!" she cried, and mournful and remorseful thoughts overcame her, and enclosed her in their grasp. Who has not, some time in his life, passed such an hour, when one thought crowds upon the heels of another, like the ghosts of by-gone days, and all point with their fingers to the weak places in our hearts? They will not stir nor move, they stand like wall and mortar, ever pointing to the place, and connecting our present trouble with that place, and calling in our ears, this is the consequence, why hast thou acted thus? And what she had done, had been only out of love; but the ghosts did not turn any for that,—what does a ghost know of love?

As she sat there, Daniel Sadenwater came in, and announced the Herr Proprietor Pomuchelskopp. The Herr was not at home, Frida said. He had told him so, said Daniel, but the Herr Pomuchelskopp had said expressly, he wished to speak

[* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Littell & Gay, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

with the gracious Frau. "I will come directly," said Frida. She would not have said that usually, but at the moment she was glad to escape from her gloomy thoughts; she had a great aversion to Pomuchelskopp, but still he was a flesh and blood man, he was none of her grisly ghosts.

But she would not have done it, if she had known what awaited her. Pomuchel had previously, and at last on that very morning, held wise counsel with David and Slusuhr, and they were agreed in this conclusion: that it would be best for him to buy the estate of Axel, at private sale; "For" said Pomuchelskopp, "if it comes to an auction, they will put it up too high for me. Ah, how they would drive it up! the old nobility would come together, and some of them have a great deal of money,—and they stick to each other, like burs,—and they would pay his debts, if it came to the hammer, or buy it in for him."

"You must look out for them," said Slusuhr.

"No! no!" cried Pomuchelskopp. "If I can get it quietly, that is the best way. He is as mellow, as mellow as a rotten apple, and I know him, he never looks over the fence, he only reaches after the nearest thing, and if I offer him a good bit of money, enough to pay his debts and have a little left over, he will take it."

"You forget one thing," said the notary, "she is there still."

"Oh, she knows nothing about it," said Muelch. "Fortunate for us, else it would not have gone so far. She looked at me once,—when they had that fuss about the stolen money,—with a pair of eyes that I shall never forget, so long as I live."

"Well," said David, "what of that? she is a woman,—not such a woman as Frau Pomuchelskopp, for she is a dreadfully clever woman,—she is a noble lady, she knows a great deal about some things, and nothing at all about others. If he is mellow, well, she must be made mellow too."

David's advice prevailed; yes, when the poor lady should learn all, blow upon blow, then she must become pliable in their hands, then she would not oppose the sale of the estate; and it was decided that Pomuchelskopp should make a beginning, and the others should follow him, that very morning; they knew that Axel was not at home.

When the Frau von Rambow went down to Pomuchelskopp, he looked as

gentle and compassionate as if he were a clergyman, come to condole with her upon her mother's death; he stretched out both hands with a cordial gesture, as if he would take her hand in his, and press it warmly. Not getting her hand, however, he folded his own together, and regarded her with such a fatherly expression, in his old fat eyes, as a crocodile assumes when he is just ready to cry.

He had come, he said, as an old friend, as a true neighbor, to speak with the Herr von Rambow; the business was very pressing, and since the young Herr was not at home, it was necessary that he should speak with the gracious lady. It would be a great grief to him, if he, as a neighbor, could not help, when there was such a misfortune in prospect as the public auction sale of Pumpelhagen.

Frida started back, exclaiming, "Sale of Pumpelhagen!"

And now Pomuchelskopp looked like an unfortunate, innocent mother, who has overlaid her child in sleep; "God bless me!" he cried, "what have I done! I believed, gracious Frau, that you knew already —"

"I know nothing," said Frida, pale, but firm, and looking at the old sinner as if she would look him through; "I know nothing, but I wish to know all. Why should Pumpelhagen be sold?"

"Gracious lady," said the Herr Proprietor, almost wringing his hands, "the many debts —"

"Whom is my husband indebted to?"

"I believe, to many people."

"To yourself, also?"

And now it seemed as if a sluice were drawn up in Pomuchelskopp's heart, and the streams of friendliness, which had been accumulating for long years, were poured out at once upon the house of Pumpelhagen. Yes, he said, he had also demands upon him, but the money which he had loaned had been given out of friendship, and so it should remain. He had merely come over, this morning, to give the young Herr good advice, how the business might be managed, and if possible to help him out of his difficulties. So far as he knew, it was Moses who insisted on the sale, and if his mouth could be stopped everything might be settled. And as he took leave, he said, very kindly, with such a dignified shaking of the head, and much blinking of the eyes, as if to repress tears, if he had known that the gracious lady knew nothing about it, he would rather have pulled out his tongue than have uttered a word on the subject.

If it had been a matter with which she was less nearly connected, she must have perceived the falseness of Pomuchelskopp's behavior; but she had only a vague feeling of it, for distress and terror prevented her from seeing clearly. She felt as if the house had been shaken by an earthquake, as if the walls, which had hitherto protected from the storm, were ready to fall upon her and her child, and bury, beneath themselves, the little happiness she still hoped for in the future. She must get out into the open air, into the garden; and there she walked up and down in the cool shade, thinking and thinking, and it seemed to her as if the very shadows cast by the trees were hers no longer, or even the flowers blooming at her feet, which she herself had planted. She sat down on the same bench where her father-in-law, the old Kammerath, had sat, when he told Habermann of his troubles; Habermann had helped then, — where was Habermann now? The same tree shadowed her, which she had first seen from the distance when Axel had so proudly pointed out to her his fair estate; where was this pride? where was the estate? To whom did this tree belong?

She sat there for a moment, as she thought, but the moment lasted two hours. She heard steps approaching on the Guritz pathway, and started to go; but before she could get away the notary and David stood before her. Slusuhr was a little startled, coming unawares upon the woman whom he was about to put to the torture; but David grinned like a monkey, into whose hand an apple had fallen unexpectedly. The notary went up to the gracious lady with great respect, and with a low bow inquired if they could speak with the gracious Herr.

"He is away from home," said Frida.

"It is very necessary that we should see him," said David. Slusuhr looked at David over his shoulder, as if to say, "Will you hold your stupid tongue?" but he repeated the same words:

"Yes, gracious lady, it is necessary that we should see him."

"Then you must come again on Wednesday; Herr von Rambow is coming back on Tuesday," and she turned to go.

The notary stepped before her, saying, "The business is not so much ours, as the Herr von Rambow's; perhaps a messenger might be sent after him. It is really a very pressing case. We know of a purchaser for Pumpelhagen, a thoroughly safe man, who wishes, however, a definite answer, within three days, whether Herr von

Rainbow will dispose of the estate at private sale, or let it come to an auction, at the end of the term. The Herr, here, is the son of Moses, who has given notice of his money for St. John's day, and through me, as his man of business, urges the private sale."

Of course this was all a tissue of lies. The fair young Frau stood still and looked at the two rascals; her first fright was over, and all the pride of her innocent soul rose against this undeserved misfortune.

"Gracious lady," said David, after he had fumbled at his watch-chain a while, in great embarrassment under her steady gaze, "bethink yourself; there is my father with the seven thousand thalers,—with the interest and costs, it amounts to eight,—there is Herr Pomuchelskopp's eight thousand thalers, there are the tradespeople at Rahnstadt,—we have the accounts by us,—three thousand, then there are the bills of exchange, and, here and there, ten thousand more, owing,—well, what do I know? perhaps to Israel at Schwerin. If you should sell, now, to a safe man, and you could sell the furniture, and the beds, and the linen, you would have ten thousand thalers over, or perhaps eleven, or, for all I know, even twelve thousand. And then, if you should move to Rahnstadt, and rent a house there, you would have nothing to do, and could live like a countess."

Frida said nothing, but bowed coldly to the two companions, and went into the house. Nothing drives a high spirit to defend itself and to present a brave front to the world, like the rude intrusion of the world into one's private affairs. Then the foot advances to tread upon the head of the adder, and pride and honor and a good conscience turn out all other emotions which have restlessly worked in the heart, and there is no longer strife, there is calm repose; but it is like the repose of death.

"There she goes, like a princess!" said David.

"You blockhead, you!" cried Slusuhr. "Well, I will never, in my life, go on any business again with such a dunce."

"Why, what is the matter? asked David. "Didn't we do just that way with the peasant at Kanin, and the matter was settled at once?"

"Yes, with a peasant. But did you come into the world yesterday, that you don't know that a noble lady is no peasant? We wanted to make her mellow and pliable—well, much good may it do you! we

have only stiffened her neck. If it had come over him in that way, he would have said yes to everything; but," he added, rather to himself than to David, "there are men,—yes, and women, truly,—who are really strong, for the first time, under misfortune."

As they returned to the Herr Proprietor, and he learned how the young Frau had received them, he was greatly enraged.

"Good heavens!" said he to David, "how is it possible you could go about such critical business in such a rough way? You should merely have bored and pricked and teased her, instead of setting her whole future life before her. God bless me! I had it all so nicely in train; and now, you shall see, when he comes home she will stiffen his back up as well, and the end will be, it will come to an auction."

"Then you can buy it," said Slusuhr.

"No, no! They will drive it up too high for me, and it joins so finely to my estate!" So the worthy Herr complained and disputed with the others, and consulted what should be done, and how they could manage it.

In another part of Gurlitz, there were also consultations going on. In weaver Ruhrdanz's room, day-laborers and day-laborers wives were sitting together, and the talk that went round was not hasty and reckless, but thoughtful and deliberate, though venomous.

"Well, what do you say, brother?"

"Eh, what should one say? He must be got rid of, he is a regular skinner! Well, now you, Ruhrdanz?"

"You are right there, I say so, too; he must be got rid of! But, friends, you should see, they would send him back to us again. If we only had papers about it, so that he dare not come back."

"Oh, your stupid papers!" cried a great rough woman, from behind the stove, "when you come home, in the evenings, from the city, with your heads full of brandy, you are ready to do great things, and afterwards you flop together, like a dish-cloth. What? Must I send my children about the country, begging? I have had no bread, for three days, but such as the children have brought home."

"Things are a little better than they were, though," said old father Brinkman.

"Yes," cried Willgans, "but from fear, not from kindness. We will go up to the court, each with a good staff, and there we will teach him to know the Lord, and then we will lead him over the boundary, and

give him a start on the way: 'There! now travel!'"

"What?" cried Kappingst, "and that Satan of a woman, who almost killed my girl about an old chicken, will you let her stay?"

"And the old girls," cried a young woman, "who tormented us so, when we were servants at the court, and seemed like merciful angels in the parlor, when there was company, and knocked us round in the kitchen, like regular devils,—shall they stay too?"

"We must get rid of the whole concern," said Willgans.

"No, children, no!" said old Brinkman. "Do not meddle with the innocent children!"

"Yes," said Ruhrdanz's old wife, who sat by herself, peeling potatoes for dinner, "you are right, Brinkman, and Gustaving must stay too; I saw him bringing old Schultz a measure of potatoes, secretly; and when he measures the land for potatoes and flax, he always gives a couple of rods more than *he* does; and, Willgans, see! your oldest boy wears a pair of his outgrown breeches, at this moment. He cannot do as he would, the old man looks after him too closely. No, against Gustaving and the little ones, nobody must lift a hand."

"Mother, I say so, too," said Ruhrdanz. "And, let me tell you something, we must do everything regularly! The others are not here now; this evening we will talk about it again. He will not be at home; Johann Jochen had to get the glass coach ready, they are going to the ball, in the city, this evening; then we can talk it over."

"Yes," cried the great rough woman, "yes, talk and talk! You drink your heads full of brandy, and we are starving. If *you* don't get rid of these people, *we* shall do it, for we can do as other women have done, all over the country; thorn-bushes and nettle-stalks are not far to seek." With that, she went out of the door, and the company dispersed.

"Bernhard," said Ruhrdanz's wife to him, "the matter may turn out badly."

"So I say, mother, and you are quite right; but if the business is only conducted with regularity, the grand-duke can have nothing against it. The only trouble is that we have no proper papers to show; but if he should have to show his papers, fine papers they would be."

Ruhrdanz was right; as for the grand-duke, I don't know about that; but he was right about the glass coach, and Pomuchels-

kopp's journey to the ball; for towards evening the Herr Proprietor sat in the coach, in his blue dress-coat, and his brave, old Häning sat by him, looking, in her yellow-brown silk, like one of her own cookies, with all sorts of scalloped flourishes, though the soapy flavor was lacking; she was as dry and tough as a leather strap, and her bones clattered over the rough roads, like a bunch of hazelnuts, hung in the chimney-corner. Opposite sat the two fair daughters, sumptuously arrayed; but greatly vexed, because their father positively insisted upon taking them to *this* ball, a *burgher* ball. To punish him for it, they made no effort to amuse him, and talked of the burghers as *canaille*, and also wrought vengeance upon his shins, by the way, by means of the new hoops in their crinoline, which the wheelwright had put in freshly, that morning, of stout hazel stock. Gustaving sat by the coachman, Johann Jochen, on the box.

I cannot think of dancing, this evening, with my pretty readers, at the fraternity ball, I am too old, and besides, it is only three days since Rudolph's wedding, where I did my utmost. I will merely go as a spectator, and enjoy the pleasant summer evening, on the bench before Grammelin's door; I can look into the hall for a few moments, later in the evening, and drink a glass of punch, and fraternize a little, like the rest.

There were great doings at Grammelin's. All the grandees of Rahnstadt were there, the burghers, head and tail and neck and crop, a few proprietors, Pomuchelskopp at the head, a few noblemen and their sons,—their wives were not there, they, were all troubled with corns that afternoon, and the daughters were absent from home,—the pächters in the neighborhood, and the young country people came in crowds. Very few of our friends were to be seen, for it was church-going with Jochen Nüssler's family, and the Frau Pastorin and Habermann and Louise had gone out there, and Rector Baldrian and Kurz, with their wives and Bräsig, had also gone, but had returned in time to go to the ball. Kurz did not go, however, for he had been so provoked over Jochen's stout relations, that his wife put him to bed, which was a good thing, not only for himself, but for Herr Süssmann and the ball, for the young Herr could manage his affairs as dance-director without disturbance. He had got himself a new pair of trousers, and had put so much lard on his hair, that there was plenty to spare to

grease his joints with. The little assessor went with her parents, and Fritz Triddelsitz, who was aware that she was coming, appeared as a proprietor of the highest rank, connected with the nobility. The little pupil, whose groschens were all gone, and who had discovered that Bräsig's niece would not be there, sat just across the street from Grammelin's, before a forlorn old piano, which he labored, while he sung :

" Mich fliehen alle Freuden, ich sterb vor Ungeduld,"

and so forth, only he mispronounced, in his distress, and said :

" Mich freuen alle Fliegen!"

Rector Baldrian came, with his wife, and Bräsig with Schultz the carpenter, and Slusuhr and David. David had on two gold rings more than usual, which had been given him in pawn, and chewed cinnamon bark, to counteract the odor of the produce business.

And when they were all there, and they were ready to begin, David Berger played the "Mansell jäs" — as the dyer Meinswegen called the thing, — and Herr Süssmann sang out, quite loud :

" Allons enfant de la partie!"

At first, all seemed very good-natured, but, as a whole, there wasn't much fraternity. On one side it was all right, the young gentlemen among the grandes, and those from the country, were very brotherly towards the pretty little burghers' daughters; but the young ladies from the country, and the grandes' daughters, were positively determined not to fraternize with the burghers' sons, and the first open quarrel began with Malchen Pomuchelskopp. The shoemaker, the wit of the Reformverein, who was a burgher's son in Rahnstadt, asked her to dance, and she thanked him, but she was engaged; and then she sat there, and waited for Fritz Triddelsitz or Herr Süssmann, or some other helping angel, whom providence might send to dance the next hop waltz with her. But there were no angels of the kind ready, and she remained sitting. The rogue of a shoemaker cracked his jokes over it, and at last said, quite aloud, that if the distinguished ladies would not dance with them, they ought not to let the distinguished gentlemen dance with their women-folks, for they had not come there to look at each other. And then the storm broke upon the poor, pretty, innocent, little burghers' daughters,

and their brothers and lovers attacked them: "Fika, don't you dance any more with that long-legged apothecary's son!" and "Dürt, wait, I shall tell mother!" and "Stine, another dance with the advocate, and we are parted!" So it went through the hall, and at last it came to Father Pomuchelskopp's ears, how the trouble originated, and it disturbed him so much that he went to Malchen, and represented to her in the most pathetic terms the mischief she had done. The shoemaker, he said, was a very worthy young man, he was counted equal to any ten in the Reformverein, on account of his terrible wit, and it must be made up, and in spite of all her opposition Father Pomuchelskopp took his educated daughter upon his arm, and led her through the hall to the shoemaker, and said it was a great mistake, his daughter would consider it a special honor to dance with such a distinguished member of the Reformverein. And, behold! the shoemaker and Malchen were dancing together!

Father Pomuchel had now, so to speak, sacrificed his first born upon the altar of fraternity, but it did not avail much, the discordant elements would not harmonize. Uncle Bräsig was doing his utmost, on the other side, he puffed about in his brown dress-coat, introduced Herr von So and So to the wife of Thiel the joiner, and compelled himself to walk arm-in-arm, about the hall, with his worst enemy in the Reformverein, the tailor Wimmersdorf, and at last, before everybody, gave the wife of Johann Meinswegen, the dyer, a couple of fraternity kisses on her red face; but it was a hopeless task, what could one man accomplish, though with the best will in the world? "Herr Schultz," he said, at last, quite worn out with his labors, "when it comes to the eating and drinking, I hope we may be a little more brotherly; the dancing only seems to bring us farther apart."

But even the eating and drinking did not help the matter; the people of rank sat at one end of the table, the burghers at the other; at one end they drank champagne, at the other a frightful tipple, which Grammelin sold, with the greatest impudence, as fine red wine, at twelve shillings the bottle. The shoemaker, indeed, was invited by Pomuchelskopp to be his guest at table, he sat by Malchen, and Father Pomuchel filled his glass assiduously; the dyer, Meinswegen, had sat down with his wife between two proprietors, and ordered "Pauschamber," for he had filled his pocket with four-groschen pieces; but

when he went to pay he became aware that he had made a mistake, in the twilight, for he brought out a handful of dyer's tickets. Bräsig had seated himself between a couple of the dearest little burghers' daughters, whom he treated in such a fatherly way that the Frau Pastorin, if she had seen it, would not have given him a good word for a week, and Gottlieb would certainly have preached him a sermon; but what good did it all do? Grammeling's sour wine did not suit well with his champagne, and so at supper they were farther asunder than ever.

"Herr Schultz," said Bräsig to his old friend, who sat opposite, "now it is time to play our last trump, you speak to Herr Süssmann, I will tell David Berger."

Herr Schultz went round to Herr Süssmann. "Have you your song-books ready?"

"Oh, yes."

"Go ahead, then! Now is the time!"

Herr Süssmann distributed the song-books, while Bräsig went up to David Berger, and inquired:

"Herr Berger, do you know that air of Schiller's:

"Schwester mit das Leinwand mieder,
Bruder in das Ordensband?"

"Yes, indeed," said David.

"Well, go ahead, then! Begin!" And suddenly resounded through the hall:

"Freude, schöner Götter funken,"

but fewer and fewer voices joined the chorus, weaker and weaker grew the song, till, at last, old Uncle Bräsig stood there, with the book before his nose, and the tears running down his cheeks, and sung:

"Seid umschlungen Millionen,
Untergang der Lügenbrut!"

That was too strong, they couldn't stand that. "Lying brood!" No, that was too much; they all lied, to be sure, but only when it was necessary. The company rose from table, very much out of humor. Bräsig sat down in a corner and began to grumble, he was vexed to his inmost heart; the young people began to dance again, and David and Slusuhu sat in an adjoining room, drinking champagne, and cracking their jokes over Uncle Bräsig.

"Herr Inspector," said the carpenter Schultz to Bräsig, after a while, "there are some people sitting in No. 3, and the notary and David are poking fun at you, because you bring your politics into everything, and the notary said, if the French should get no king after Louis Philippe,

then you might become King of France; you had nothing to do, and might like the situation."

"Did he say that?" asked Uncle Bräsig, rising from the corner, with great energy.

"Yes, he said that, and the others laughed at it."

"And he is sitting in Grammeling's No. 3?"

"Yes, he is sitting there."

"Come with me, Herr Schultz."

Bräsig was angry, as I have said, he was exceedingly angry; the fine fraternity *fête*, from which he had hoped so much for mankind, was hopelessly ruined; he felt like the patriarch Abraham, when he offered up his darling child, he would have nothing more to do with it, he would go home; then providence sent him this scapegoat, upon whom he could express his anger, and so much the better, since he was the friend and tool of Pomuchelskopp.

"Come along, Herr Schultz," said he, crossing the hall with great strides to the dressing room, where he had left his hat and buckthorn walking-stick. The hat he left there, but the stick he took with him to No. 3.

There were many guests sitting here, over their bottles, and laughing at the jokes of the Herr Notary. All at once a great silence fell upon the merry company, as they saw a face among them which frightened them out of their laughter. That was Bräsig's, which looked, in a very singular way, first at his buckthorn stick, and then at the notary, so that the company, with a suspicion of what might possibly happen, hastened to withdraw from the table.

"What rascal wanted to make me King of France?" cried Bräsig, in such a voice that the plastering fell from the ceiling, and his stick seemed like a live thing in his hand: "I will not be made King of France!" — whack! came the buckthorn, between the notary's shoulder-blades. "Oh Lord!" — "I will not be made King of France!" and a second time the buckthorn did its work, and Uncle Bräsig and his stick alternated in the assurance that they had no ambition for the French crown. Candlesticks, lamps and bottles entered actively into the battle-royal, and David got under the table, that is to say, he crept there for refuge. The notary shrieked for help, but no one stood by him; only when the affair was over, David plucked up courage, under the table, to inquire: "Beg-

giving your pardon, Herr Inspector, is this what you call fraternity?"

"Yes!" cried Bräsig, "you miserable scamp! Between a man and a dog, blows are the best fraternity."

"Out! out!" said Herr Schultz and he grappled David, under the table, and dragged him to light.

"Gentlemen," cried Slusahr, "you are witnesses how I have been treated, I shall enter a complaint."

"I have seen nothing," said one.

"I know nothing about it," said another.

"I was looking out of the window," said a third, although it was pitch dark.

"Herr Schultz," said Bräsig, "you are my witness that I have treated the Herr Notary Slusahr with the greatest forbearance," and with that, he left the room, got his hat, and went home.

The blows which Slusahr had received in No. 3 had echoed by this time through the hall, and in no way tended to harmonize the existing discords. The two Herrs von So and So with their sons had taken leave long before, and some of the grandees had also quietly retreated. The little assessor had her hat on, and her cloak wrapped around her, though Fritz Tridelsitz was almost on his knees before her, begging for one more, just *one* more little Schottische.

Pomuchelskopp also prepared for departure; he had an indefinite, but just, premonition that something was going to happen to him that evening, so he went to his family and told them it was time they were starting for home. His family afforded a sad picture of the whole entertainment, for they were quite divided. Gustaving was still hopping about, contentedly, with tailor Wimmersdorf's youngest daughter, Salchen was standing a little aside with Herr Süssmann, listening attentively while he related how merely by way of joke he had taken the stupid situation at Kurz's shop, but he should remain there no longer than till he could decide which of the places to accept, which were offered to him in Hamburg, Lübeck or Stettin, or possibly he might conclude to establish himself in Rostock, for he had a rich uncle there, who was constantly urging him to get married and come and live with him. Malchen sat in a sofa-corner, crying with vexation over her shoemaker. Klücking, our brave old Hanning, sat there stiff as a stake; however agitated by the events of the evening she may have been, she gave no sign, she remained steadfast, even the shoemaker had not

moved her out of her composure, and when Muchel proposed that they should go she merely said, in a very friendly way, "Pöking, will you not invite your friend, the shoemaker, to ride with us? You might also invite one of your noble acquaintances. And then, if you ask weaver Ruhrdanz, and Willgans, and your other brothers of the Reformverein, the company will be complete."

And with this matrimonial sting in his great fraternal heart, our friend set off on his homeward journey.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ONE should never be confident beforehand how a matter will turn out; especially, one should never make free with the devil, for he is apt to come when he is called, and often appears uninvited. The guests whom Hanning advised Pomuchelskopp to invite, were standing before the gate of Gurlitz waiting for their host and hostess. All the villagers and Pomuchelskopp's day-laborers stood there together, as the summer morning began to dawn, before the court-yard gate, to give their master a reception.

"Children," said Ruhrdanz, "what must be, must, but do everything with regularity!"

"Out with your regularity!" cried Willgans. "Has he treated us with regularity?"

"No matter," said Ruhrdanz, "we cannot get our rights out of hand. That is where you are mistaken. When we go to the grand-duke about it afterwards, and that is no more than proper, and he asks, 'Willgans, what did you do?' and you tell him, 'Why, Herr, we first gave the old man and his wife a good beating, and then we took them over the boundary,' how will that sound? What will the man say to that?"

"Yes," said old Brinkmann, "Ruhrdanz is right? If we take him over the boundary then we are rid of him, and there is no need of our doing anything more."

This was finally resolved upon. Behind the men stood the women and children, and the great, strong woman of yesterday morning was there also, and she said, "Now we have things, so far, as we want them. If you don't do it though, and get rid of the fellow and his wife, I will beat my man till he cries for mercy."

"Yes, gossip," said another woman, "we must, we must! I went to the pastor's yesterday,—well, the Frau Pastorin gave me something, and he preached patience. What? Patience? Has hunger patience?"

"Johann Schmidt," said a tall, slender girl, "just run up the hill, and see if they are coming. Fika, how will our two mamsells look, when they are sent packing?"

"Shall we tell the pastor about the matter?" inquired the day-laborer Zorndt of Brinkmann. "It might be well that he should know about it."

"I don't think there is any use in it, Zorndt, he knows nothing about business. If the old pastor were only alive!"

"They are coming!" cried Johann Schmidt, running back.

"Come, who is to speak?" said Willgans, "I will hold the horses."

"Eh, Ruhrdanz," went from mouth to mouth.

"Well, if you are contented, why should not I speak?" said Ruhrdanz. Then all was quiet.

The coachman, Johann Jochen, drove up, and was going to turn in at the gate; then Willgans seized the two leaders by the heads, and turned them aside a little, saying, "Johann Jochen, stop here for a moment."

Pomuchelskopp looked out of the carriage, and saw the whole village assembled: "What does this mean?"

Ruhrdanz, and the rest of the company, stood at the door of the carriage, and he said, "Herr, we have made up our minds that we will not consider you our master any longer, for you have not treated us as a master ought, and no more have you other people before us, for you wear a ring around your neck, and we cannot suffer a master with a ring around his neck."

"You robbers! You rascals!" cried Pomuchelskopp, as he became aware of the meaning of this performance. "What do you want? Will you lay hands on me and mine?"

"No, we will not do that," said old Brinkmann, "we will only take you over the boundary."

"Johann Jochen!" cried Pomuchelskopp, "drive on! Cut them with your whip!"

"Johann Jochen," said Willgans, "so sure as you touch the whip, I will knock you off the horse. Turn about! So! to the right!" and carriage and horses were headed towards Rahnstadt. Salchen and Malchen were screeching at the top of their voices, Gustaving had sprung down from the box, and placed himself between his father and the laborers, to keep them off; all was in confusion, only our brave old Hanning sat stiff and stark, and said not a word.

"What do you want of me? You pack of robbers!" exclaimed Pomuchelskopp.

"We are not that," cried Schmidt, "we would not take a pin-head from you, and Gustaving can stay here and manage, and tell us what to do."

"But the wife, and the two girls, we cannot stand any longer," said Kappinghat, "they must go too."

"Hush, children!" said Ruhrdanz, "everything with regularity. Merely to take them over the boundary amounts to nothing; we must give them up to our magistrate, the Rahnstadt burgomeister. That is the right thing to do."

"Ruhrdanz is right," said the others, "and Gustaving, you go quietly home, nobody will hurt you. And you, Johann Jochen, just drive at a steady pace," and they placed themselves, some on one side, some on the other, and the procession started, at a regular parade step. Pomuchelskopp had resigned himself, but he was not resigned to his destiny; he sat wringing his hands and lamenting to himself: "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! what will become of me? what will they do?" and then, putting his head out of the door, "Good people, I have always been a kind master to you."

"You have been a regular skinner!" cried a voice from the crowd.

Salchen and Malchen wept, Hanning sat there, stiff as a thermometer tube, but if the day-laborers had understood that sort of thermometer, they would have seen that the mercury was far above boiling point, and Willgans, who was close by the door, would have been more careful, for suddenly, without saying a word, she made a grab at him, and got fast hold of his curly, chestnut hair, and pulled it to her heart's content, and her eyes gleamed and sparkled out of the dusky carriage, as if she had been transformed into an owl, and had taken him for a young hare.

"Thunder and lightning! Look at the carrion!" cried Willgans. "Strike at her, Dusing! See the devil! Strike her on the knuckles! ye, ya! ye, ya!"

Before Dusing could rescue him, Hanning banged his nose, a couple of times, against the door-handle, and the blood ran in streams.

"Thunder and lightning! I say! Such deviltry is not to be put up with! Hold on, I will —"

"Hold!" cried Ruhrdanz, "you must not blame her for that, it is only her natural wickedness; you must let it go for

this time ; but you can tell the grand-duke about it, and show him your nose, if you like, that he may see how they have treated you."

Häning said nothing, and the procession moved on ; at the boundary the laborers sent home their wives and children, who had followed so far, behind the carriage, and about seven o'clock they marched, slowly and solemnly, into Rahnsdorf.

Uncle Bräsig lay by the window, smoking his pipe, and thinking over his heroic deeds of the previous evening. Kurz, although he had not attended the fraternity ball, was fearfully cross, and went scolding about his shop : "The stupid dunce ! the harlequin ! Only wait ! Only come home !" and, although he intended to be in such different circumstances afterwards, he must at length come home, that is to say, Herr Süssmann. Herr Süssmann danced over the threshold. Kurz braced his two hands against the counter, and looked at him, as if he would spring over the counter in his wrath, and meet Herr Süssmann in the hall ; he let him, however, come into the shop first.

"Morning, principal, principälchen, principälchen !" cried Herr Süssmann, staggering about the shop, and finally seating himself on the rim of a herring cask, with his hat cocked on one side : "Morning, Kurzchen, Schurzchen, Wurzchen —" but he had not time to finish his variations, Kurz had his hands in his hair, knocked off his hat into the herring-cask, and began dragging him about the shop by his ambosial locks. Herr Süssmann groped blindly about him for something to lay hold of, and caught at the stop-cock of the oil-cask ; the cock came out, and the oil poured out in a stream.

"Good heavens !" cried Kurz, "my oil ! my oil !" and he let go of Herr Süssmann, and stuck his right fore-finger into the hole. Herr Süssmann held up the cock in triumph, and, as it often happens that crazy or intoxicated people do uncommonly clever things, the bright idea occurred to Herr Süssmann that he would do his work thoroughly. So he pulled out the cock from the vinegar barrel.

"Oh, good gracious ! my vinegar !" cried Kurz, and he stuck his left fore-finger into the vinegar barrel. And as he was now fairly caught, and stooping over, the opportunity was too tempting for Herr Süssmann to neglect. "Principälchen ! Kurzchen!" — whack ! "Leben sie wohl, Tuten dreherchen !" — whack, whack ! "Johann geht, und nimmer kehrt sie wie-

der !" — whack, whack, whack ! Then he fished his hat out of the herring-cask, put it on, as much askew as possible, laid the two cocks on the counter, about twenty feet from Kurz, and danced, laughing, out of the door.

"Help ! " screamed Kurz, "help ! he-l-p ! " But his people were not in the house, and his good old advocate was in the back garden, cutting asparagus, and the only one who heard him was Uncle Bräsig. "Karl," said he, "it seems to me, as if Kurz were yelling. I will go over, and see if anything has happened."

"He-l-p !" cried Kurz.

"Preserve us !" said Bräsig, "what an uproar you are making here, at seven o'clock in the morning !"

"Infamous rascal !"

"How ? Is that the way you greet me ?"

"Good-for-nothing scamp !"

"You are a rude fellow !"

"Give me those cocks, that lie on the counter !"

"Get your dirty cocks yourself, you donkey, you !"

"I cannot, the oil and the vinegar will run out, and I don't mean you, I mean Süssmann."

"That is another thing," said Bräsig, perching himself on the counter, and swinging his legs, "what is the matter with you ?"

Kurz related how he had got into this situation.

"You strike me very comically, Kurz, but let this be a warning to you ; a man is always punished in the members in which he has sinned."

"I beg you —"

"Quiet, Kurz ! You have always sinned in oil and vinegar, since you have emptied the quart measure with a jerk, so that often two or three spoonfuls would be left in it. Will you always give right measure hereafter ? Will you never look at the cards again, when we are playing Boston ?"

"Good heavens ! yes, yes !"

"Well, then, I will release you," and with that he brought the cocks.

Hardly was Kurz free when he darted out of the door, as if he expected to find Herr Süssmann waiting for him outside. Bräsig followed, and they came out just as Pomuchelskopp and his escort were passing.

"Preserve us ! What is this ? Ruhrdanz, what does this mean ?"

"Don't take it ill, Herr Inspector, we have turned out our Herr."

Bräsig shook his head: " You have done a very foolish thing ! " and he fell into the procession, and many people who were in the street followed to the burgomeister's house. Here the laborers took out the horses, and Ruhrdanz and Willgans and Brinkmann, and several others went in to see the burgomeister.

" Well, Herr," said Ruhrdanz, " we have got him here."

" Whom ? "

" Eh, our Herr Pomuchelskopp."

" What ? What is that ? "

" Oh, nothing, only that we won't have him for our Herr any longer."

" Good heavens, people, what have you done."

" Nothing but what is right, Herr Burgomeister."

" Have you laid hands on your master ? "

" Not a finger ; but the old woman there, she laid hands on Willgans, for she —— "

But the burgomeister had gone out of the room, and stood by the carriage, and begged the company to get out ; they did so, and he brought the family into his living room.

" Oh, what will become of us ! what will become of us ! " moaned Pomuchel. " Herr Burgomeister, you know, I have always been a good master to my people."

" Kopp, for shame ! " interposed Häning.

" No," said the burgomeister, paying no attention to Häning, and looking the Herr Proprietor firmly in the eye, " you have *not* been a good master. You know I have often remonstrated with you, on this account, and you know that, because of your behavior to your people, I have declined to act as your magistrate. I have nothing to do with the business, and if I were to concern myself in it, merely as a private citizen, I should not take your side, but that of your poor, oppressed people. You must excuse me, therefore —— "

" But you can at least give me your advice," begged Pomuchelskopp. " What shall I do ? "

" You cannot go back to Gurlitz, at least not at present, it might give occasion for violent deeds ; you must wait the result, here. But wait a moment ; I will speak to the people again."

Well, what good could that do ? The people were firmly resolved in the matter ; the bad fellows among them had yielded to the decision of the older, more peaceable laborers and villagers, and now they

were all so fully persuaded that they were in the right, that they were not to be moved from their purpose.

" No, Herr," said Ruhrdanz, " we will never take him back ; that is settled."

" You are guilty of a great offence, and it may go hard with you."

" Yes, that may be ; but if you talk of offences, Herr Pomuchelskopp has been guilty of worse offences against us."

" Those foolish people at the Reformverein, have filled your heads with their silly ideas."

" Don't take it ill, Herr Burgomeister ; that is what everybody says, but it isn't true. What ? Our Herr Pomuchelskopp belongs to the Reformverein, and has made a speech there ; but, Herr, he told nothing but lies, and we know better."

" Well, what do you intend to do ? "

" Herr Gustaving is there, and when he tells us to do this or that, we shall do it ; but Willgans and I will go to the grand-duke, and give him an account of the matter, and that is what I wanted to ask you, if you would give us some papers to take with us."

" What do you want with papers ? "

" Well, Herr Burgomeister, don't take it ill, there is no harm in it. You see, I went to the old railroad, without any papers, and they turned me out, of course ; but the grand-duke is no railroad, and he would not act so inconsiderately, and if we have no papers to show you can show your nose, Willgans, how the old woman has treated you, and I will show my honest hands, which have never been in any unjust business."

Upon that, the old man went out, and the laborers crowded around him, and felt in their pockets, and produced the few shillings and groschens they had by them : " There, now go ! The shortest road to Schwerin ! " and " Neighbor, don't forget Kapphingst's girl ! " and " Neighbor, if he asks what we have lived on, you may say honestly we have stolen nothing from our master ; but we have helped ourselves to a few of Frau Niessler's potatoes, because she never minded it."

The two set out for Schwerin, the other day-laborers went home ; Johann Jochen drove the empty carriage behind them ; the people, who had assembled in quite a crowd before the burgomeister's door, — for the business had spread through the town like wildfire, — dispersed to their homes, and Uncle Bräsig said to Habermann, " Karl, he is getting his deserts. I went in a moment, not on his account, but for those poor fellows, the laborers ;

but when he came in, I went away, for I didn't want to see him in his disgrace."

Pomuchelskopp had gone to Grammelin's, with his dear family, and he sat now, in misery and distress, by the bedside of the Herr Notary; for Slusuhr had gone directly to bed, after his beating, in order that the business might appear to be very serious.

"I have sent for the doctor, and shall have myself examined, so that I can catch the inspector nicely. Strump is not at home, but the other one will be here directly."

"Ah, how fortunate you are!" said Pommel.

"I should not have supposed," said the Herr Notary, turning on his other side, "that it was a particular piece of good fortune to get a jacket full of blows from a buckthorn staff, as thick as your thumb."

"You can avenge yourself, but I,—poor man that I am,—what can I do?"

"You can get a detachment of soldiers, and then you can punish the rascals, within an inch of their lives, and if you are too much of a milksop to do it yourself employ your wife, she will do it finely."

"God bless you! no! no! I have enough on my hands! I can do nothing about Pumpehagen yet, and I dare not go back to Gurlitz, they will tear my house down over my head. No, no! I shall sell, I shall sell!"

"Shall I tell you some news?" said David, who came into the room, in time to hear the last words, "you are right, sell; I will look out for you, I know—"

"Infamous Jew rascal!" said Slusuhr, shifting his position again,—"aw! thunder!—do you think we cannot manage that for ourselves? Yes, Herr Pomuchelskopp, I would sell, for if they don't tear your house down they might get at the barns, and the potato middens."

"Well, Herr Notary, what will you do?" asked David. "You have some money; you might manage a farm-house, or a mill, but for an estate like that? You must come to my father."

"Your father? When he hears that it is for Pomuchelskopp, he will say: 'Cash down!' We three are not in very high credit with him."

"If I tell him ——" began David, but just then the doctor came in, the father of the little assessor.

"Good morning! You sent for me?" turning to Slusuhr, "you wanted to see me?"

"Ah, Herr Doctor, you were at the ball

last night. Oh, my bruises! You must surely have heard —"

"He got a beating," said David, "I am a witness he was dreadfully abused."

"Will you hold your cursed tongue?" cried Slusuhr. "Herr Doctor, I wish you would examine me medically; I fear I shall never recover the use of my limbs."

Without more words, the doctor went up to the patient, and removed the shirt from his shoulders, and there was much to be read there which is not usually seen on a pair of shoulders, and the inscription was written in red ink, in the largest capitals. Pomuchelskopp sat there, with folded hands, in the deepest melancholy, but when he saw the inscription on the notary's back, a very comfortable expression dawned in his face, and David sprung up, exclaiming, "Good heavens! How he looks! Herr Doctor, I will let you examine me too; carpenter Schultz dragged me out from under the table, and tore my new dress-coat."

"Send for the tailor!" said the doctor quietly, and turning to the notary: "I will leave a certificate for you, with Grammelin. Good morning, gentlemen!"

Then he went down-stairs, and after a little while, Grammelin's waiting-maid brought up the paper, which the doctor had left for the Herr Notary. Slusuhr opened it, and read:

"As in duty bound, I hereby testify that the Herr Notary Slusuhr has received a good, sound flogging, as is clearly evident from the suggillations upon his back. It has done him no harm, however. So AND SO, Dr. MED."

"Has the fellow the insolence to say that?" screamed Slusuhr. "It has done him no harm? Well, just wait, we will talk about that, by and by."

"Good heavens!" cried David, "isn't it better that it has done you no harm, than if had hurt you?"

"You are an idiot! But what am I lying here for?" said Slusuhr. "You will excuse me, I must go out, I must thank the Herr Inspector for his flogging—with a little writ."

"Don't forget me, my dear friend," said Pommel. "You must write for me to Pumpehagen to-day."

"Rely upon me. I feel spiteful enough, to-day, to get out writs against the whole world. Haven't you something to write, David?"

"If I have anything to write, I can write it, if I have nothing to write, I shall write nothing," said David, and he went out with Pomuchelskopp.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE BATTLE OF DORKING: REMINISCENCES OF A VOLUNTEER.*

You ask me to tell you, my grandchildren, something about my own share in the great events that happened fifty years ago. 'Tis sad work turning back to that bitter page in our history, but you may perhaps take profit in your new homes from the lesson it teaches. For us in England it came too late. And yet we had plenty of warnings, if we had only made use of them. The danger did not come on us unawares. It burst on us suddenly, 'tis true, but its coming was foreshadowed plainly enough to open our eyes, if we had not been wilfully blind. We English have only ourselves to blame for the humiliation which has been brought on the land. Venerable old age! Dishonourable old age, I say, when it follows a manhood dishonoured as ours has been. I declare, even now, though fifty years have passed, I can hardly look a young man in the face when I think I am one of those in whose youth happened this degradation of Old England—one of those who betrayed the trust handed down to us unstained by our forefathers.

What a proud and happy country was this fifty years ago! Free-trade had been working for more than a quarter of a century, and there seemed to be no end to the riches it was bringing us. London was growing bigger and bigger; you could not build houses fast enough for the rich people who wanted to live in them, the merchants who made the money and came from all parts of the world to settle there, and the lawyers and doctors and engineers and others, and tradespeople who got their share out of the profits. The streets reached down to Croydon and Wimbledon, which my father could remember quite country places; and people used to say that Kingston and Reigate would soon be joined to London. We thought we could go on building and multiplying for ever. 'Tis true that even then there was no lack of poverty; the people who had no money went on increasing as fast as the rich, and pauperism was already beginning to be a difficulty; but if the rates were high, there was plenty of money to pay them with; and as for

what were called the middle classes, there really seemed no limit to their increase and prosperity. People in those days thought it quite a matter of course to bring a dozen children into the world—or, as it used to be said, Providence sent them that number of babies; and if they couldn't always marry off all the daughters, they used to manage to provide for the sons, for there were new openings to be found in all the professions, or in the Government offices, which went on steadily getting larger. Besides, in those days young men could be sent out to India, or into the army or navy; and even then emigration was not uncommon, although not the regular custom it is now. Schoolmasters, like all other professional classes, drove a capital trade. They did not teach very much, to be sure, but new schools with their four or five hundred boys were springing up all over the country.

Fools that we were! We thought that all this wealth and prosperity were sent us by Providence, and could not stop coming. In our blindness we did not see that we were merely a big workshop, making up the things which came from all parts of the world; and that if other nations stopped sending us raw goods to work up, we could not produce them ourselves. True, we had in those days an advantage in our cheap coal and iron; and had we taken care not to waste the fuel, it might have lasted us longer. But even then there were signs that coal and iron would soon become cheaper in other parts; while as to food and other things, England was not better off than it is now. We were so rich simply because other nations from all parts of the world were in the habit of sending their goods to us to be sold or manufactured; and we thought that this would last for ever. And so, perhaps, it might have lasted, if we had only taken proper means to keep it; but, in our folly, we were too careless even to insure our prosperity, and after the course of trade was turned away it would not come back again.

And yet, if ever a nation had a plain warning, we had. If we were the greatest trading country, our neighbours were the leading military power in Europe. They were driving a good trade, too, for this was before their foolish communism (about which you will hear when you are older) had ruined the rich without benefiting the poor, and they were in many respects the first nation in Europe; but it was on their army that they prided themselves most. And with reason. They had beaten the

* This wonderfully life-like description of a supposed invasion and conquest of England has excited the greatest interest there, and gone far to accomplish its purpose—the rousing of public enthusiasm to make defensive preparations before it is too late.

The article is attributed to Col. Hamley, the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood."—L. A.

Russians and the Austrians, and the Prussians too, in bygone years, and they thought they were invincible. Well do I remember the great review held at Paris by the Emperor Napoleon during the great Exhibition, and how proud he looked showing off his splendid Guards to the assembled kings and princes. Yet, three years afterwards, the force so long deemed the first in Europe was ignominiously beaten, and the whole army taken prisoners. Such a defeat had never happened before in the world's history; and with this proof before us of the folly of disbelieving in the possibility of disaster merely because it had never happened before, it might have been supposed that we should have the sense to take the lesson to heart. And the country was certainly roused for a time, and a cry was raised that the army ought to be reorganized, and our defences strengthened against the enormous power for sudden attacks which it was seen other nations were able to put forth. But our Government had come into office on a cry of retrenchment, and could not bring themselves to eat their own pledges. There was a Radical section of their party, too, whose votes had to be secured by conciliation, and which blindly demanded a reduction of armaments as the price of allegiance. This party always decried military establishments as part of a fixed policy for reducing the influence of the Crown and the aristocracy. They could not understand that the times had altogether changed, that the Crown had really no power, and that the Government merely existed at the pleasure of the House of Commons, and that even Parliament rule was beginning to give way to mob-law. At any rate, the Ministry were only too glad of this excuse to give up all the strong points of a scheme which they were not really in earnest about. The fleet and the Channel, they said, were sufficient protection. So the army was kept down, and the militia and volunteers were left untrained as before, because to call them out for drill would "interfere with the industry of the country." We could have given up some of the industry of those days, forsooth, and yet be busier than we are now. But why tell you a tale you have so often heard already? The nation, although uneasy, was misled by the false security its leaders professed to feel; the warning given by the disasters that overtook France was allowed to pass by unheeded. The French trusted in their army and its great reputation, we in our fleet; and in each case the result of this

blind confidence was disaster, such as our forefathers in their hardest struggles could not have even imagined.

I need hardly tell you how the crash came about. First, the rising in India drew away a part of our small army; then came the difficulty with America, which had been threatening for years, and we sent off ten thousand men to defend Canada—a handful which did not go far to strengthen the real defences of that country, but formed an irresistible temptation to the Americans to try and take them prisoners, especially as the contingent included three battalions of the Guards. Thus the regular army at home was even smaller than usual, and nearly half of it was in Ireland to check the talked of Fenian invasion fitting out in the West. Worse still—though I do not know it would really have mattered as things turned out—the fleet was scattered abroad: some ships to guard the West Indies, others to check privateering in the China seas, and a large part to try and protect our colonies on the Northern Pacific shore of America, where, with incredible folly, we continued to retain possessions which we could not possibly defend. America was not the great power forty years ago that it is now; but for us to try and hold territory on her shores which could only be reached by sailing round the Horn, was as absurd as if she had attempted to take the Isle of Man before the independence of Ireland. We see this plainly enough now, but we were all blind then.

It was while we were in this state, with our ships all over the world, and our little bit of an army cut up into detachments, that the Secret Treaty was published, and Holland and Denmark were annexed. People say now that we might have escaped the troubles which came on us if we had at any rate kept quiet till our other difficulties were settled; but the English were always an impulsive lot: the whole country was boiling over with indignation, and the Government, egged on by the press, and going with the stream, declared war. We had always got out of scrapes before, and we believed our old luck and pluck would somehow pull us through.

Then, of course, there was bustle and hurry all over the land. Not that the calling up of the army reserves caused much stir, for I think there were only about 5000 altogether, and a good many of these were not to be found when the time came; but recruiting was going on all over the country, with a tremendous

high bounty, 50,000 more men having been voted for the army. Then there was a Ballot Bill passed for adding 55,000 men to the militia; why a round number was not fixed on I don't know, but the Prime Minister said that this was the exact quota wanted to put the defences of the country on a sound footing. Then the ship-building that began! Ironclads, despatch-boats, gunboats, monitors,—every building-yard in the country got its job, and they were offering ten shillings a-day wages for anybody who could drive a rivet. This didn't improve the recruiting, you may suppose. I remember, too, there was a squabble in the House of Commons about whether artisans should be drawn for the ballot, as they were so much wanted, and I think they got an exemption. This sent numbers to the yards; and if we had had a couple of years to prepare instead of a couple of weeks, I daresay we should have done very well.

It was on a Monday that the declaration of war was announced, and in a few hours we got our first inkling of the sort of preparation the enemy had made for the event which they had really brought about, although the actual declaration was made by us. A pious appeal to the God of battles, whom it was said we had aroused, was telegraphed back; and from that moment all communication with the north of Europe was cut off. Our embassies and legations were packed off at an hour's notice, and it was as if we had suddenly come back to the middle ages. The dumb astonishment visible all over London the next morning, when the papers came out void of news, merely hinting at what had happened, was one of the most startling things in this war of surprises. But everything had been arranged beforehand; nor ought we to have been surprised, for we had seen the same Power, only a few months before, move down half a million of men on a few days' notice, to conquer the greatest military nation in Europe, with no more fuss than our War Office used to make over the transport of a brigade from Aldershot to Brighton,—and this, too, without the allies it had now. What happened now was not a bit more wonderful in reality; but people of this country could not bring themselves to believe that what had never occurred before to England could ever possibly happen. Like our neighbours, we became wise when it was too late.

Of course the papers were not long in getting news — even the mighty organization set at work could not shut out a spe-

cial correspondent; and in a very few days, although the telegraphs and railways were intercepted right across Europe, the main facts oozed out. An embargo had been laid on all the shipping in every port from the Baltic to Ostend; the fleets of the two great Powers had moved out, and it was supposed were assembled in the great northern harbour, and troops were hurrying on board all the steamers detained in these places, most of which were British vessels. It was clear that invasion was intended. Even then we might have been saved, if the fleet had been ready. The forts which guarded the flotilla were perhaps too strong for shipping to attempt; but an ironclad or two, handled as British sailors knew how to use them, might have destroyed or damaged a part of the transports, and delayed the expedition, giving us what we wanted, time. But then the best part of the fleet had been decoyed down to the Dardanelles, and what remained of the Channel squadron was looking after Fenian filibusters off the west of Ireland; so it was ten days before the fleet was got together, and by that time it was plain the enemy's preparations were too far advanced to be stopped by a *coup-de-main*. Information, which came chiefly through Italy, came slowly, and was more or less vague and uncertain; but this much was known, that at least a couple of hundred thousand men were embarked or ready to be put on board ships, and that the flotilla was guarded by more ironclads than we could then muster. I suppose it was the uncertainty as to the point the enemy would aim at for landing, and the fear lest he should give us the go-by, that kept the fleet for several days in the Downs; but it was not until the Tuesday fortnight after the declaration of war that it weighed anchor and steamed away for the North Sea. Of course you have read about the Queen's visit to the fleet the day before, and how she sailed round the ships in her yacht, and went on board the flag-ship to take leave of the admiral; how, overcome with emotion, she told him that the safety of the country was committed to his keeping. You remember, too, the gallant old officer's reply, and how all the ships' yards were manned, and how lustily the tars cheered as her Majesty was rowed off. The account was of course telegraphed to London, and the high spirits of the fleet infected the whole town. I was outside the Charing Cross station when the Queen's special train from Dover arrived, and from the cheering and shouting which

greeted her as she drove away, you might have supposed we had already won a great victory. The journals which had gone in strongly for the army reduction carried out during the session, and had been nervous and desponding in tone during the past fortnight, suggesting all sorts of compromises as a way of getting out of the war, came out in a very jubilant form next morning. "Panic-stricken inquirers," they said, "ask now, where are the means of meeting the invasion? We reply that the invasion will never take place. A British fleet, manned by British sailors whose courage and enthusiasm are reflected in the people of this country, is already on the way to meet the presumptuous foe. The issue of a contest between British ships and those of any other country, under anything like equal odds, can never be doubtful. England awaits with calm confidence the issue of the impending action."

Such were the words of the leading article, and so we all felt. It was on Tuesday, the 10th of August, that the fleet sailed from the Downs. It took with it a submarine cable to lay down as it advanced, so that continuous communication was kept up, and the papers were publishing special editions every few minutes with the latest news. This was the first time such a thing had been done, and the feat was accepted as a good omen. Whether it is true that the Admiralty made use of the cable to keep on sending contradictory orders, which took the command out of the admiral's hands, I can't say; but all that the admiral sent in return was a few messages of the briefest kind, which neither the Admiralty nor any one else could have made any use of. Such a ship had gone off reconnoitring; such another had rejoined — fleet was in latitude so and so. This went on till the Thursday morning. I had just come up to town by train as usual and was walking to my office, when the newsboys began to cry, "New edition — enemy's fleet in sight!" You may imagine the scene in London! Business still went on at the banks, for bills matured although the independence of the country was being fought out under our own eyes, so to say; and the speculators were active enough. But even with the people who were making and losing their fortunes, the interest in the fleet overcame everything else; men who went to pay in or draw out their money stopped to show the last bulletin to the cashier. As for the street, you could hardly get along for the crowd stopping to buy and read the pa-

pers; while at every house or office the members sat restlessly in the common room, as if to keep together for company, sending out some one of their number every few minutes to get the latest edition. At least this is what happened at our office; but to sit still was as impossible as to do anything, and most of us went out and wandered about among the crowd, under a sort of feeling that the news was got quicker at in this way. Bad as were the times coming, I think the sickening suspense of that day, and the shock which followed, was almost the worst that we underwent. It was about ten o'clock that the first telegram came; an hour later the wire announced that the admiral had signalled to form line of battle, and shortly afterwards that the order was given to bear down on the enemy and engage. At twelve came the announcement, "Fleet opened fire about three miles to leeward of us" — that is, the ship with the cable. So far, all had been expectancy, then came the first token of calamity. "An ironclad has been blown up" — "the enemy's torpedoes are doing great damage" — "the flag-ship is laid aboard the enemy" — "the flag-ship appears to be sinking" — "the vice-admiral has signalled" — there the cable became silent, and, as you know, we heard no more till two days afterwards. The solitary ironclad which escaped the disaster steamed into Portsmouth.

Then the whole story came out — how our sailors, gallant as ever, had tried to close with the enemy; how the latter evaded the conflict at close quarters, and, sheerling off, left behind them the fatal engines which sent our ships, one after the other, to the bottom; how all this happened almost in a few minutes. The Government, it appears, had received warnings of this invention; but to the nation this stunning blow was utterly unexpected. That Thursday I had to go home early for regimental drill, but it was impossible to remain doing nothing, so when that was over I went up to town again, and after waiting in expectation of news which never came, and missing the midnight train, I walked home. It was a hot sultry night, and I did not arrive till near sunrise. The whole town was quite still — the lull before the storm; and as I let myself in with my latch-key, and went softly up-stairs to my room to avoid wakening the sleeping household, I could not but contrast the peacefulness of the morning — no sound breaking the silence but the singing of the birds in the garden — with the passionate remorse and indignation

that would break out with the day. Perhaps the inmates of the rooms were as wakeful as myself; but the house in its stillness was just as it used to be when I came home alone from balls or parties in the happy days gone by. Tired though I was, I could not sleep, so I went down to the river and had a swim; and on returning found the household was assembling for early breakfast. A sorrowful household it was, although the burden pressing on each was partly an unseen one. My father, doubting whether his firm could last through the day; my mother, her distress about my brother, now with his regiment on the coast, already exceeding that which she felt for the public misfortune, had come down, although hardly fit to leave her room. My sister Clara was worst of all, for she could not but try to disguise her special interest in the fleet; and though we had all guessed that her heart was given to the young lieutenant in the flag-ship — the first to go down — a love unclaimed could not be told, nor could we express the sympathy we felt for the poor girl. That breakfast, the last meal we ever had together, was soon ended, and my father and I went up to town by an early train, and got there just as the fatal announcement of the loss of the fleet was telegraphed from Portsmouth.

The panic and excitement of that day — how the funds went down to 35; the run upon the bank and its stoppage; the fall of half the houses in the city; how the Government issued a notification suspending specie payment and the tendering of bills — this last precaution too late for most firms, Carter & Co. among the number, which stopped payment as soon as my father got to the office; the call to arms, and the unanimous response of the country — all this is history which I need not repeat. You wish to hear about my own share in the business of the time. Well, volunteering had increased immensely from the day war was proclaimed, and our regiment went up in a day or two from its usual strength of 600 to nearly 1000. But the stock of rifles was deficient. We were promised a further supply in a few days, which, however, we never received; and while waiting for them the regiment had to be divided into two parts, the recruits drilling with the rifles in the morning, and we old hands in the evening. The failures and stoppage of work on this black Friday threw an immense number of young men out of employment, and we recruited up to 1400 strong by the next

day; but what was the use of all these men without arms? On the Saturday it was announced that a lot of smooth-bore muskets in store at the Tower would be served out to regiments applying for them, and a regular scramble took place among the volunteers for them, and our people got hold of a couple of hundred. But you might almost as well have tried to learn rifle-drill with a broomstick as with old brown bess; besides, there was no smooth-bore ammunition in the country. A national subscription was opened for the manufacture of rifles at Birmingham, which ran up to a couple of millions in two days, but, like everything else, this came too late. To return to the volunteers: camps had been formed a fortnight before at Dover, Brighton, Harwich, and other places, of regulars and militia, and the headquarters of most of the volunteer regiments were attached to one or other of them, and the volunteers themselves used to go down for drill from day to day, as they could spare time, and on Friday an order went out that they should be permanently embodied; but the metropolitan volunteers were still kept about London as a sort of reserve, till it could be seen at what point the invasion would take place. We were all told off to brigades and divisions. Our brigade consisted of the 4th Royal Surrey Militia, the 1st Surrey Administrative Battalion, as it was called, at Clapham, the 7th Surrey Volunteers at Southwark, and ourselves; but only our battalion and the militia were quartered in the same place, and the whole brigade had merely two or three afternoons together at brigade exercise in Bushey Park before the march took place. Our brigadier belonged to a line regiment in Ireland, and did not join till the very morning the order came. Meanwhile, during the preliminary fortnight, the militia colonel commanded. But though we volunteers were busy with our drill and preparations, those of us who, like myself, belonged to Government offices, had more than enough of office work to do, as you may suppose. The volunteer clerks were allowed to leave office at four o'clock, but the rest were kept hard at the desk far into the night. Orders to the lord-lieutenants, to the magistrates, notifications, all the arrangements for cleaning out the work-houses for hospitals — these and a hundred other things had to be managed in our office, and there was as much bustle in-doors as out. Fortunate we were to be so busy — the people to be

pited were those who had nothing to do. And on Sunday (that was the 15th August) work went on just as usual. We had an early parade and drill, and I went up to town by the nine o'clock train in my uniform, taking my rifle with me in case of accidents, and luckily too, as it turned out, a mackintosh overcoat. When I got to Waterloo there were all sorts of rumours afloat. A fleet had been seen off the Downs, and some of the despatch-boats which were hovering about the coasts brought news that there was a large flotilla off Harwich, but nothing could be seen from the shore, as the weather was hazy. The enemy's light ships had taken and sunk all the fishing-boats they could catch, to prevent the news of their whereabouts reaching us, but a few escaped during the night and reported that the Inconstant frigate coming home from North America, without any knowledge of what had taken place, had sailed right into the enemy's fleet and been captured. In town the troops were all getting ready for a move; the Guards in the Wellington Barracks were under arms, and their baggage-waggons packed and drawn up in the Bird-cage Walk. The usual guard at the Horse Guards had been withdrawn, and orderlies and staff-officers were going to and fro. All this I saw on the way to my office, where I worked away till twelve o'clock, and then feeling hungry after my early breakfast, I went across Parliament Street to my club to get some luncheon. There were about half-a-dozen men in the coffee-room, none of whom I knew; but in a minute or two Danvers of the Treasury entered in a tremendous hurry. From him I got the first bit of authentic news I had had that day. The enemy had landed in force near Harwich, and the metropolitan regiments were ordered down there to reinforce the troops already collected in that neighbourhood; his regiment was to parade at one o'clock, and he had come to get something to eat before starting. We bolted a hurried lunch, and were just leaving the club when a messenger from the Treasury came running into the hall.

"Oh, Mr. Danvers," said he, "I've come to look for you, sir; the secretary says that all the gentlemen are wanted at the office, and that you must please not one of you go with the regiments."

"The devil!" cried Danvers.

"Do you know if that order extends to all the public offices?" I asked.

"I don't know," said the man, "but I believe it do. I know there's messengers

gone round to all the clubs and luncheon-bars to look for the gentlemen; the secretary says it's quite impossible any one can be spared just now, there's so much work to do; there's orders just come to send off our records to Birmingham to-night."

I did not wait to condole with Danvers, but, just glancing up Whitehall to see if any of our messengers were in pursuit, I ran off as hard as I could for Westminster Bridge, and so to the Waterloo station.

The place had quite changed its aspect since the morning. The regular service of trains had ceased, and the station and approaches were full of troops, among them the Guards and artillery. Everything was very orderly; the men had piled arms, and were standing about in groups. There was no sign of high spirits or enthusiasm. Matters had become too serious. Every man's face reflected the general feeling that we had neglected the warnings given us, and that now the danger so long derided as impossible and absurd had really come and found us unprepared. But the soldiers, if grave, looked determined, like men who meant to do their duty whatever might happen. A train full of Guardsmen was just starting for Guildford. I was told it would stop at Surbiton, and, with several other volunteers, hurrying like myself to join our regiment, got a place in it. We did not arrive a moment too soon, for the regiment was marching from Kingston down to the station. The destination of our brigade was the east coast. Empty carriages were drawn up in the siding, and our regiment was to go first. A large crowd was assembled to see it off, including the recruits who had joined during the last fortnight, and who formed by far the largest part of our strength. They were to stay behind, and were certainly very much in the way already; for as all the officers and sergeants belonged to the active part, there was no one to keep discipline among them, and they came crowding around us, breaking the ranks and making it difficult to get into the train. Here I saw our new brigadier for the first time. He was a soldier-like man, and no doubt knew his duty, but he appeared new to volunteers, and did not seem to know how to deal with gentlemen privates. I wanted very much to run home and get my greatcoat and knapsack, which I had bought a few days ago, but feared to be left behind; a good-natured recruit volunteered to fetch them for me, but he had not returned before we started, and I be-

gan the campaign with a kit consisting of a mackintosh and a small pouch of tobacco.

It was a tremendous squeeze in the train; for, besides the ten men sitting down, there were three or four standing up in every compartment, and the afternoon was close and sultry, and there were so many stoppages on the way that we took nearly an hour and a half crawling up to Waterloo. It was between five and six in the afternoon when we arrived there, and it was nearly seven before we marched up to the Shoreditch station. The whole place was filled up with stores and ammunition, to be sent off to the East, so we piled arms in the street and scattered about to get food and drink, of which most of us stood in need, especially the latter, for some were already feeling the worse for the heat and crush. I was just stepping into a public-house with Travers, when who should drive up but his pretty wife? Most of our friends had paid their adieus at the Surbiton station, but she had driven up by the road in his brougham, bringing their little boy to have a last look at papa. She had also brought his knapsack and greatcoat, and, what was still more acceptable, a basket containing fowls, tongue, bread-and-butter, and biscuits, and a couple of bottles of claret,—which priceless luxuries they insisted on my sharing.

Meanwhile the hours went on. The 4th Surrey Militia, which had marched all the way from Kingston, had come up, as well as the other volunteer corps; the station had been partly cleared of the stores that encumbered it; some artillery, two militia regiments, and a battalion of the line, had been despatched, and our turn to start had come, and long lines of carriages were drawn up ready for us; but still we remained in the street. You may fancy the scene. There seemed to be as many people as ever in London, and we could hardly move for the crowds of spectators—fellows hawking fruits and volunteers' comforts, newsboys, and so forth, to say nothing of the cabs and omnibuses; while orderlies and staff-officers were constantly riding up with messages. A good many of the militiamen, and some of our people, too, had taken more than enough to drink; perhaps a hot sun had told on empty stomachs; anyhow, they became very noisy. The din, dirt, and heat were indescribable. So the evening wore on, and all the information our officers could get from the brigadier, who appeared to be acting under another general, was, that

orders had come to stand fast for the present. Gradually the street became quieter and cooler. The brigadier, who, by way of setting an example, had remained for some hours without leaving his saddle, had got a chair out of a shop, and sat nodding in it; most of the men were lying down or sitting on the pavement—some sleeping, some smoking. In vain had Travers begged his wife to go home. She declared that, having come so far, she would stay and see the last of us. The brougham had been sent away to a by-street, as it blocked up the road; so he sat on a door-step, she by him on the knapsack. Little Arthur who had been delighted at the bustle and the uniforms, and in high spirits, became at last very cross, and eventually cried himself to sleep in his father's arms, his golden hair and one little dimpled arm hanging over his shoulder. Thus went on the weary hours, till suddenly the assembly sounded, and we all started up. We were to return to Waterloo. The landing on the east was only a feint—so ran the rumour—the real attack was on the south. Anything seemed better than indecision and delay, and, tired though we were, the march back was gladly hailed. Mrs. Travers, who made us take the remains of the luncheon with us, we left to look for her carriage; little Arthur, who was awake again, but very good and quiet, in her arms.

We did not reach Waterloo till nearly midnight, and there was some delay in starting again. Several volunteer and militia regiments had arrived from the north; the station and all its approaches were jammed up with men, and trains were being despatched away as fast as they could be made up. All this time no news had reached us since the first announcement; but the excitement then aroused had now passed away under the influence of fatigue and want of sleep, and most of us dozed off as soon as we got under way. I did, at any rate, and was awake by the train stopping at Leatherhead. There was an up-train returning to town, and some persons in it were bringing up news from the coast. We could not, from our part of the train, hear what they said, but the rumour was passed up from one carriage to another. The enemy had landed in force at Worthing. Their position had been attacked by the troops from the camp near Brighton, and the action would be renewed in the morning. The volunteers had behaved very well. This was all the information we could get. So then, the invasion had come

at last. It was clear, at any rate, from what was said, that the enemy had not been driven back yet, and we should be in time most likely to take a share in the defence. It was sunrise when the train crawled into Dorking, for there had been numerous stoppages on the way; and here it was pulled up for a long time, and we were told to get out and stretch ourselves — an order gladly responded to, for we had been very closely packed all night. Most of us, too, took the opportunity to make an early breakfast off the food we had brought from Shoreditch. I had the remains of Mrs. Travers's fowl and some bread wrapped up in my waterproof, which I shared with one or two less provident comrades. We could see from our halting-place that the line was blocked with trains beyond and behind. It must have been about eight o'clock when we got orders to take our seats again, and the train began to move slowly on towards Horsham. Horsham Junction was the point to be occupied — so the rumour went; but about ten o'clock, when halting at a small station a few miles short of it, the order came to leave the train, and our brigade formed in column on the highroad. Beyond us was some field-artillery; and further on, so we were told by a staff-officer, another brigade, which was to make up a division with ours. After more delays the line began to move, but not forwards; our route was towards the north-west, and a sort of suspicion of the state of affairs flashed across my mind. Horsham was already occupied by the enemy's advanced-guard, and we were to fall back on Leith Common, and take up a position threatening his flank, should he advance either to Guildford or Dorking. This was soon confirmed by what the colonel was told by the brigadier and passed down the ranks; and just now, for the first time, the boom of artillery came up on the light south breeze. In about an hour the firing ceased. What did it mean? We could not tell. Meanwhile our march continued. The day was very close and sultry, and the clouds of dust stirred by our feet almost suffocated us. I had saved a soda-water-bottleful of yesterday's claret; but this went only a short way, for there were many mouths to share it with, and the thirst became as bad as ever. Several of the regiment fell out from faintness, and we made frequent halts to rest and let the stragglers come up. At last we reached the top of Leith Hill. It is a striking spot, being the highest point in the south of England. The view from it is splendid, and most lovely did the country look this

summer day, although the grass was brown from the long drought. It was a great relief to get from the dusty road on to the common, and at the top of the hill there was a refreshing breeze. We could see now, for the first time, the whole of our division. Our own regiment did not muster more than 500, for it contained a large number of Government office men who had been detained, like Danvers, for duty in town, and others were not much larger; but the militia regiment was very strong, and the whole division, I was told, mustered nearly 5000 rank and file. We could see other troops also in extension of our division, and could count a couple of field-batteries of Royal Artillery, besides some heavy guns, belonging to the volunteers apparently, drawn by cart-horses. The cooler air, the sense of numbers, and the evident strength of the position we held, raised our spirits, which, I am not ashamed to say, had all the morning been depressed. It was not that we were not eager to close with the enemy, but that the counter-marching and halting ominously betokened a vacillation of purpose in those who had the guidance of affairs. Here in two days the invaders had gone more than twenty miles inland, and nothing effectual had been done to stop them. And the ignorance in which we volunteers, from the colonel downwards, were kept of their movements, filled us with uneasiness. We could not but depict to ourselves the enemy as carrying out all the while firmly his well-considered scheme of attack, and contrasting it with our own uncertainty of purpose. The very silence with which his advance appeared to be conducted filled us with mysterious awe. Meanwhile the day wore on, and we became faint with hunger, for we had eaten nothing since daybreak. No provisions came up, and there were no signs of any commissariat officers. It seems that when we were at the Waterloo station a whole trainful of provisions was drawn up there, and our colonel proposed that one of the trucks should be taken off and attached to our train, so that we might have some food at hand; but the officer in charge, an assistant-controller I think they called him — this control department was a new-fangled affair which did us almost as much harm as the enemy in the long-run — said his orders were to keep all the stores together, and that he couldn't issue any without authority from the head of his department. So we had to go without. Those who had tobacco smoked — indeed there is no solace like a pipe under such circumstances. The

militia regiment, I heard afterwards, had two days' provisions in their haversacks; it was we volunteers who had no haversacks, and nothing to put in them. All this time, I should tell you, while we were lying on the grass with our arms piled, the General, with the brigadiers and staff, was riding about slowly from point to point of the edge of the common, looking out with his glass towards the south valley. Orderlies and staff-officers were constantly coming, and about three o'clock there arrived up a road that led towards Horsham a small body of lancers and a regiment of yeomanry, who had, it appears, been out in advance, and now drew up a short way in front of us in column facing to the south. Whether they could see anything in their front I could not tell, for we were behind the crest of the hill ourselves, and so could not look into the valley below; but shortly afterwards the assembly sounded. Commanding officers were called out by the General, and received some brief instructions; and the column began to march again towards London, the militia this time coming last in our brigade. A rumour regarding the object of this counter-march soon spread through the ranks. The enemy was not going to attack us here, but was trying to turn the position on both sides, one column pointing to Reigate, the other to Aldershot; and so we must fall back and take up a position at Dorking. The line of the great chalk-range was to be defended. A large force was concentrating at Guildford, another at Reigate, and we should find supports at Dorking. The enemy would be awaited in these positions. Such, so far as we privates could get at the facts, was to be the plan of operations. Down the hill, therefore we marched. From one or two points we could catch a brief sight of the railway in the valley below running from Dorking to Horsham. Men in red were working upon it here and there. They were the Royal Engineers, some one said, breaking up the line. On we marched. The dust seemed worse than ever. In one village through which we passed—I forgot the name now—there was a pump on the green. Here we stopped and had a good drink; and passing by a large farm, the farmer's wife and two or three of her maids stood at the gate and handed us bunches of bread and cheese out of some baskets. I got the share of a bit, but the bottom of the baskets must soon have been reached. Not a thing else was to be had till we got to Dorking about six o'clock; indeed most of

the farmhouses appeared deserted already. On arriving there we were drawn up in the street, and just opposite was a baker's shop. Our fellows asked leave at first by twos and threes to go in and buy some loaves, but soon others began to break off and crowd into the shop, and at last a regular scramble took place. If there had been any order preserved, and a regular distribution arranged, they would no doubt have been steady enough, but hunger makes men selfish: each man felt that his stopping behind would do no good—he would simply lose his share; so it ended by almost the whole regiment joining in the scrimmage, and the shop was cleared out in a couple of minutes; while as for paying, you could not get your hand into your pocket for the crush. The colonel tried in vain to stop the row; some of the officers were as bad as the men. Just then a staff-officer rode by; he could scarcely make way for the crowd, and was pushed against rather rudely, and in a passion he called out to us to behave properly, like soldiers, and not like a parcel of roughs. "Oh, blow it, governor," says Dick Wake, "you arn't going to come between a poor cove and his grub." Wake was an articled attorney, and, as we used to say in those days, a cheeky young chap, although a good-natured fellow enough. At this speech, which was followed by some more remarks of the sort from those about him, the staff-officer became angrier still. "Orderly," cried he to the lancer riding behind him, "take that man to the provost-marshall. As for you, sir," he said, turning to our colonel, who sat on his horse silent with astonishment, "if you don't want some of your men shot before their time, you and your precious officers had better keep this rabble in a little better order;" and poor Dick, who looked crest-fallen enough, would certainly have been led off at the tail of the sergeant's horse, if the brigadier had not come up and arranged matters, and marched us off to the hill beyond the town. This incident made us both angry and crest-fallen. We were annoyed at being so roughly spoken to: at the same time we felt we had deserved it, and were ashamed of the misconduct. Then, too, we had lost confidence in our colonel, after the poor figure he cut in the affair. He was a good fellow, the colonel, and showed himself a brave one next day; but he aimed too much at being popular, and didn't understand a bit how to command.

To resume:—We had scarcely reached the hill above the town, which we were

told was to be our bivouac for the night, when the welcome news came that a food-train had arrived at the station; but there were no carts to bring the things up, so a fatigue-party went down and carried back a supply to us in their arms,—loaves, a barrel of rum, packets of tea, and joints of meat—abundance for all; but there was not a kettle or a cooking-pot in the regiment, and we could not eat the meat raw. The colonel and officers were no better off. They had arranged to have a regular mess, with crockery, steward and all complete, but the establishment never turned up, and what had become of it no one knew. Some of us were sent back into the town to see what we could procure in the way of cooking utensils. We found the street full of artillery, baggage-waggons, and mounted officers, and volunteers shopping like ourselves; and all the houses appeared to be occupied by troops. We succeeded in getting a few kettles and saucepans, and I obtained for myself a leather bag, with a strap to go over the shoulder, which proved very handy afterwards; and thus laden, we trudged back to our camp on the hill filling the kettles with dirty water from a little stream which runs between the hill and the town, for there was none to be had above. It was nearly a couple of miles each way; and, exhausted as we were with marching and want of rest, we were almost too tired to eat. The cooking was of the roughest, as you may suppose; all we could do was to cut off slices of the meat and boil them in the saucepans, using our fingers for forks. The tea, however, was very refreshing; and, thirsty as we were, we drank it by the gallon. Just before it grew dark, the brigade-major came round, and, with the adjutant, showed our colonel how to set a picket in advance of our line a little way down the face of the hill. It was not necessary to place one, I suppose, because the town in our front was still occupied with troops; but no doubt the practice would be useful. We had also a quarter-guard, and a line of sentries in front and rear of our line, communicating with those of the regiments on our flanks. Firewood was plentiful, for the hill was covered with beautiful wood; but it took some time to collect it, for we had nothing but our pocket-knives to cut down the branches with.

So we lay down to sleep. My company had no duty, and we had the night undisturbed to ourselves; but, tired though I was, the excitement and the novelty of the situation made sleep difficult. And al-

though the night was still and warm, and we were sheltered by the woods, I soon found it chilly with no better covering than my thin dust-coat, the more so as my clothes, saturated with perspiration during the day, had never dried; and before daylight I woke from a short nap, shivering with cold, and was glad to get warm with others by a fire. I then noticed that the opposite hills on the south were dotted with fires; and we thought at first they must belong to the enemy, but we were told that the ground up there was still held by a strong rear-guard of regulars, and that there need be no fear of a surprise.

At the first sign of dawn the bugles of the regiments sounded the *reveille*, and we were ordered to fall in, and the roll was called. About twenty men were absent, who had fallen out sick the day before; they had been sent up to London by train during the night, I believe. After standing in column for about half an hour, the brigade-major came down with orders to pile arms and stand easy; and perhaps half an hour afterwards we were told to get breakfast as quickly as possible, and to cook a day's food at the same time. This operation was managed pretty much in the same way as the evening before, except that we had our cooking-pots and kettles ready. Meantime there was leisure to look around, and from where we stood there was a commanding view of one of the most beautiful scenes in England. Our regiment was drawn up on the extremity of the ridge which runs from Guildford to Dorking. This is indeed merely a part of the great chalk-range which extends from beyond Aldershot east to the Medway; but there is a gap in the ridge just here where the little stream that runs past Dorking turns suddenly to the north, to find its way to the Thames. We stood on the slope of the hill, as it tends down eastward toward this gap, and had passed our bivouac in what appeared to be a gentleman's park. A little way above us, and to our right, was a very fine country-seat to which the park was attached, now occupied by the headquarters of our division. From this house the hill sloped steeply down southward to the valley below, which runs nearly east and west parallel to the ridge, and carries the railway and the road from Guildford to Reigate, and in which valley, immediately in front of the chateau, and perhaps a mile and a half distant from it, was the little town of Dorking, nestled in the trees, and rising up the foot of the slopes on the other side of the valley which stretched away to

Leith Common, the scene of yesterday's march. Thus the main part of the town of Dorking was on our right front, but the suburbs stretched away eastward nearly to our proper front, culminating in a small railway station, from which the grassy slopes of the park rose up dotted with shrubs and trees to where we were standing. Round this railway station was a cluster of villas and one or two mills, of whose gardens we thus had a bird's-eye view, their little ornamental ponds glistening like looking-glasses in the morning sun. Immediately on our left the park sloped steeply down to the gap before mentioned, through which ran the little stream, as well as the railway from Epsom to Brighton, nearly due north and south, meeting the Guildford and Reigate line at right angles. Close to the point of intersection and the little station already mentioned, was the station of the former line where we had stopped the day before. Beyond the gap on the east (our left), and in continuation of our ridge, rose the chalk-hill again. The shoulder of this ridge overlooking the gap is called Box Hill, from the shrubbery of box-wood with which it was covered. Its sides were very steep, and the top of the ridge was covered with troops. The natural strength of our position was manifested at a glance; a high grassy ridge steep to the south, with a stream in front, and but little cover up the sides. It seemed made for a battle-field. The weak point was the gap; the ground at the junction of the railways and the roads immediately at the entrance of the gap formed a little valley, dotted, as I have said, with buildings and gardens. This, in one sense, was the key of the position; for although it would not be tenable while we held the ridge commanding it, the enemy by carrying this point and advancing through the gap would cut our line in two. But you must not suppose I scanned the ground thus critically at the time. Anybody, indeed, might have been struck with the natural advantages of our position; but what, as I remember, most impressed me, was the peaceful beauty of the scene — the little town with the outline of the houses obscured by a blue mist, the massive crispness of the foliage, the outlines of the great trees, lighted up by the sun, and relieved by deep blue shade. So thick was the timber here, rising up the southern slopes of the valley, that it looked almost as if it might have been a primeval forest. The quiet of the scene was the more impressive because contrasted in the mind with the scenes we ex-

pected to follow; and I can remember, as if it were but yesterday, the sensation of bitter regret that it should now be too late to avert this coming desecration of our country, which might so easily have been prevented. A little firmness, a little prudence on the part of our rulers, even a little common-sense, and this great calamity would have been rendered utterly impossible. Too late, alas! We were like the foolish virgins in the parable.

But you must not suppose the scene immediately around was gloomy: the camp was brisk and bustling enough. We had got over the stress of weariness; our stomachs were full; we felt a natural enthusiasm at the prospect of having so soon to take a part as the real defenders of the country, and we were inspirited at the sight of the large force that was now assembled. Along the slopes which trended off to the rear of our ridge, troops came marching up — volunteers, militia, cavalry, and guns; these, I heard, had come down from the north as far as Leatherhead the night before, and had marched over at daybreak. Long trains, too, began to arrive by the rail through the gap, one after the other, containing militia and volunteers, who moved up to the ridge to the right and left and took up their position, massed for the most part on the slopes which ran up from, and in rear of, where we stood. We now formed part of an army corps, we were told, consisting of three divisions, but what regiments composed the other two divisions I never heard. All this movement we could distinctly see from our position, for we had hurried over our breakfast, expecting every minute that the battle would begin, and now stood or sat about on the ground near our piled arms. Early in the morning, too, we saw a very long train come along the valley from the direction of Guildford, full of redcoats. It halted at the little station at our feet, and the troops alighted. We could soon make out their bear-skins. They were the Guards, coming to reinforce this part of the line. Leaving a detachment of skirmishers to hold the line of the railway embankment, the main body marched up with a springy step and with the band playing, and drew up across the gap on our left in prolongation of our line. There appeared to be three battalions of them, for they formed up in that number of columns at short intervals.

Shortly after this I was sent over to Box Hill with a message from our colonel to the colonel of a volunteer regiment sta-

tioned there, to know whether an ambulance-cart was obtainable, as it was reported this regiment was well supplied with carriage, whereas we were without any: my mission, however, was futile. Crossing the valley, I found a scene of great confusion at the railway station. Trains were still coming in with stores, ammunition, guns, and appliances of all sorts, which were being unloaded as fast as possible; but there were scarcely any means of getting the things off. There were plenty of waggons of all sorts, but hardly any horses to draw them, and the whole place was blocked up; while, to add to the confusion, a regular exodus had taken place of the people from the town, who had been warned that it was likely to be the scene of fighting. Ladies and women of all sorts and ages, and children, some with bundles, some empty-handed, were seeking places in the train, but there appeared no one on the spot authorized to grant them, and these poor creatures were pushing their way up and down, vainly asking for information and permission to get away. In the crowd I observed our surgeon, who likewise was in search of an ambulance of some sort: his whole professional apparatus, he said, consisted of a case of instruments. Also in the crowd I stumbled upon Wood, Travers's old coachman. He had been sent down by his mistress to Guildford, because it was supposed our regiment had gone there, riding the horse, and laden with a supply of things — food, blankets, and, of course, a letter. He had also brought my knapsack; but at Guildford the horse was pressed for artillery work, and a receipt for it given him in exchange, so he had been obliged to leave all the heavy packages there, including my knapsack; but the faithful old man had brought on as many things as he could carry, and hearing that we should be found in this part, had walked over thus laden from Guildford. He said that place was crowded with troops, and that the heights were lined with them the whole way between the two towns; also, that some trains with wounded had passed up from the coast in the night, through Guildford. I led him off to where our regiment was, relieving the old man from part of the load he was staggering under. The food sent was not now so much needed, but the plates, knives, &c., and drinking-vessels, promised to be handy — and Travers, you may be sure, was delighted to get his letter; while a couple of newspapers the old man had brought were eagerly competed for by all, even at this critical

moment, for we had heard no authentic news since we left London on Sunday. And even at this distance of time, although I only glanced down the paper, I can remember almost the very words I read there. They were both copies of the same paper: the first, published on Sunday evening, when the news had arrived of the successful landing at three points, was written in a tone of despair. The country must confess that it had been taken by surprise. The conqueror would be satisfied with the humiliation inflicted by a peace dictated on our own shores; it was the clear duty of the Government to accept the best terms obtainable, and to avoid further bloodshed and disaster, and avert the fall of our tottering mercantile credit. The next morning's issue was in quite a different tone. Apparently the enemy had received a check, for we were here exhorted to resistance. An impregnable position was to be taken up along the Downs, a force was concentrating there far outnumbering the rash invaders, who, with an invincible line before them, and the sea behind, had no choice between destruction or surrender. Let there be no pusillanimous talk of negotiation, the fight must be fought out; and there could be but one issue. England, expectant but calm, awaited with confidence the result of the attack on its unconquerable volunteers. The writing appeared to me eloquent, but rather inconsistent. The same paper said the Government had sent off 500 workmen from Woolwich to open a branch arsenal at Birmingham.

All this time we had nothing to do, except to change our position, which we did every few minutes, now moving up the hill farther to our right, now taking ground lower down to our left, as one order after another was brought down the line; but the staff-officers were galloping about perpetually with orders, while the rumble of the artillery as they moved about from one part of the field to another went on almost incessantly. At last the whole line stood to arms, the bands struck up, and the general commanding our army corps came riding down with his staff. We had seen him several times before, as we had been moving frequently about the position during the morning; but he now made a sort of formal inspection. He was a tall thin man, with long light hair, very well mounted, and as he sat his horse with an erect seat, and came prancing down the line, at a little distance he looked as if he might be five-and-twenty; but I believe he had served more than fifty years,

and had been made a peer for services performed when quite an old man. I remember that he had more decorations than there was room for on the breast of his coat, and wore them suspended like a necklace round his neck. Like all the other generals, he was dressed in blue, with a cocked-hat and feathers — a bad plan, I thought, for it made them very conspicuous. The general halted before our battalion, and after looking at us a while, made a short address: We had a post of honour next her Majesty's Guards, and would show ourselves worthy of it, and of the name of Englishmen. It did not need, he said, to be a general to see the strength of our position; it was impregnable, if properly held. Let us wait till the enemy was well pounded, and then the word would be given to go at him. Above everything, we must be steady. He then shook hands with our colonel, we gave him a cheer, and he rode on to where the Guards were drawn up.

Now then, we thought, the battle will begin. But still there were no signs of the enemy; and the air though hot and sultry, began to be very hazy, so that you could scarcely see the town below, and the hills opposite were merely a confused blur, in which no features could be distinctly made out. After a while, the tension of feeling which followed the general's address relaxed, and we began to feel less as if everything depended on keeping our rifles firmly grasped: we were told to pile arms again, and got leave to go down by tens and twenties to the stream below to drink. This stream, and all the hedges and banks on our side of it, were held by our skirmishers, but the town had been abandoned. The position appeared an excellent one, except that the enemy, when they came, would have almost better cover than our men. While I was down at the brook, a column emerged from the town, making for our position. We thought for a moment it was the enemy, and you could not make out the colour of the uniforms for the dust; but it turned out to be our rear-guard, falling back from the opposite hills which they had occupied the previous night. One battalion of rifles halted for a few minutes at the stream to let the men drink, and I had a minute's talk with a couple of the officers. They had formed part of the force which had attacked the enemy on their first landing. They had it all their own way, they said, at first, and could have beaten the enemy back easily if they had been properly supported; but the whole thing was misman-

aged. The volunteers came on very pluckily, they said, but they got into confusion, and so did the militia, and the attack failed with serious loss. It was the wounded of this force which had passed through Guildford in the night. The officers asked us eagerly about the arrangements for the battle, and when we said that the Guards were the only regular troops in this part of the field, shook their heads ominously.

While we were talking a third officer came up; he was a dark man with a smooth face and a curious excited manner, "You are volunteers, I suppose," he said, quickly, his eye flashing the while. "Well, now, look here; mind I don't want to hurt your feelings, or to say anything unpleasant, but I'll tell you what; if all you gentlemen were just to go back, and leave us to fight it out alone, it would be a devilish good thing. We could do it a precious deal better without you, I assure you. We don't want your help, I can tell you. We would much rather be left alone, I assure you. Mind I don't want to say anything rude, but that's a fact." Having blurted out this passionately, he strode away before any one could stop him. They apologized for his rudeness, saying that his brother, also in the regiment, had been killed on Sunday, and that this, and the sun, and marching, had affected his head. The officers told us that the enemy's advanced-guard was close behind, but that he had apparently been waiting for reinforcements, and would probably not attack in force until noon. It was, however, nearly three o'clock before the battle began. We had almost worn out the feeling of expectancy. For twelve hours had we been waiting for the coming struggle, till at last it seemed almost as if the invasion were but a bad dream, and the enemy, as yet unseen by us, had no real existence. So far things had not been very different, but for the numbers and for what we had been told, from a Volunteer review on Brighton Downs. I remember that these thoughts were passing through my mind as we lay down in groups on the grass, some smoking, some nibbling at their bread, some even asleep, when the listless state we had fallen into was suddenly disturbed by a gunshot fired from the top of the hill on our right, close by the big house. It was the first time I had ever heard a shotted gun fired, and although it is fifty years ago, the angry whistle of the shot as it left the gun is in my ears now. The sound was soon to become common

enough. We all jumped up at the report, and fell in almost without the word being given, grasping our rifles tightly, and the leading files peering forward to look for the approaching enemy. This gun was apparently the signal to begin, for now our batteries opened fire all along the line. What they were firing at I could not see, and I am sure the gunners could not see much themselves. I have told you what a haze had come over the air since the morning, and now the smoke from the guns settled like a pall over the hill, and soon we could see little but the men in our ranks, and the outline of some gunners in the battery drawn up next us on the slope on our right. This firing went on, I should think, for nearly a couple of hours, and still there was no reply. We could see the gunners—it was a troop of horse-artillery—working away like fury, ramming, loading, and running up with cartridges, the officer in command riding slowly up and down just behind his guns, and peering out with his field-glass into the mist. Once or twice they ceased firing to let their smoke clear away, but this did not do much good. For nearly two hours did this go on, and not a shot came in reply. If a battle is like this, said Dick Wake, who was my next-hand file, it's mild work, to say the least. The words were hardly uttered when a rattle of musketry was heard in front; our skirmishers were at it, and very soon the bullets began to sing over our heads, and some struck the ground at our feet. Up to this time we had been in column; we were now deployed into line on the ground assigned to us. From the valley or gap on our left there ran a lane right up the hill almost due west, or along our front. This lane had a thick bank about four feet high, and the greater part of the regiment was drawn up behind it; but a little way up the hill the lane trended back out of the line, so the right of the regiment here left it and occupied the open grass-land of the park. The bank had been cut away at this point to admit of our going in and out. We had been told in the morning to cut down the bushes on the top of the bank, so as to make the space clear for firing over but we had no tools to work with; however, a party of sappers had come down and finished the job. My company was on the right, and was thus beyond the shelter of the friendly bank. On our right again was the battery of artillery already mentioned; then came a battalion of the line, then more guns, then a great mass of militia and volunteers and

a few line up to the big house. At least this was the order before the firing began; after that I do not know what changes took place.

And now the enemy's artillery began to open; where their guns were posted we could not see, but we began to hear the rush of the shells over our heads, and the bang as they burst just beyond. And now what took place I can really hardly tell you. Sometimes when I recall the scene, it seems as if it lasted for only a few minutes; yet I know, as we lay on the ground, I thought the hours would never pass away, as we watched the gunners still plying their task, firing at the invisible enemy, never stopping for a moment except when now and again a dull blow would be heard and a man fall down, then three or four of his comrades would carry him to the rear. The captain no longer rode up and down; what had become of him I do not know. Two of the guns ceased firing for a time; they had got injured in some way, and up rode an artillery general. I think I see him now, a very handsome man, with straight features and a dark moustache, his breast covered with medals. He appeared in a great rage at the guns stopping fire.

"Who commands this battery?" he cried.

"I do, Sir Henry," said an officer, riding forward, whom I had not noticed before.

The group is before me at this moment, standing out clear against the background of smoke, Sir Henry erect on his splendid charger, his flashing eye, his left arm pointing towards the enemy to enforce something he was going to say, the young officer reining in his horse just beside him, and saluting with his right hand raised to his busby. This for a moment, then a dull thud, and both horses and riders are prostrate on the ground. A round shot had struck all four at the saddle line. Some of the gunners ran up to help, but neither officer could have lived many minutes. This was not the first I saw killed. Some time before this, almost immediately on the enemy's artillery opening, as we were lying, I heard something like the sound of steel striking steel, and at the same moment Dick Wake, who was next me in the ranks, leaning on his elbows, sank forward on his face. I looked round and saw what had happened; a shot fired at a high elevation, passing over his head, had struck the ground behind, nearly cutting his thigh off. It must have been the ball

striking his sheathed bayonet which made the noise. Three of us carried the poor fellow to the rear, with difficulty for the shattered limb; but he was nearly dead from loss of blood when we got to the doctor, who was waiting in a sheltered hollow about two hundred yards in rear, with two other doctors in plain clothes, who had come up to help. We deposited our burden and returned to the front. Poor Wake was sensible when we left him, but apparently too shaken by the shock to be able to speak. Wood was there helping the doctors. I paid more visits to the rear of the same sort before the evening was over.

All this time we were lying there to be fired at without returning a shot, for our skirmishers were holding the line of walls and enclosures below. However, the bank protected most of us, and the brigadier now ordered our right company, which was in the open, to get behind it also; and there we lay about four deep, the shells crashing and bullets whistling over our heads, but hardly a man being touched. Our colonel was, indeed, the only one exposed, for he rode up and down the lane at a foot-pace as steady as a rock; but he made the major and adjutant dismount, and take shelter behind the hedge, holding their horses. We were all pleased to see him so cool, and it restored our confidence in him, which had been shaken yesterday.

The time seemed interminable while we lay thus inactive. We could not, of course, help peering over the bank to try and see what was going on; but there was nothing to be made out, for now a tremendous thunderstorm, which had been gathering all day, burst on us, and a torrent of almost blinding rain came down, which obscured the view even more than the smoke, while the crashing of the thunder and the glare of the lightning could be heard and seen even above the roar and flashing of the artillery. Once the mist lifted, and I saw for a minute an attack on Box Hill, on the other side of the gap on our left. It was like the scene at a theatre — a curtain of smoke all round and a clear gap in the centre, with a sudden gleam of evening sunshine lighting it up. The steep smooth slope of the hill was crowded with the dark-blue figures of the enemy, whom I now saw for the first time — an irregular outline in front, but very solid in rear: the whole body was moving forward by fits and starts, the men firing and advancing, the officers waving their swords, the columns closing up and gradually making way. Our people were al-

most concealed by the bushes at the top, whence the smoke and their fire could be seen proceeding: presently from these bushes on the crest came out a red line, and dashed down the brow of the hill, a flame of fire belching out from the front as it advanced. The enemy hesitated, gave way, and finally ran back in a confused crowd down the hill. Then the mist covered the scene, but the glimpse of this splendid charge was inspiring, and I hoped we should show the same coolness when it came to our turn. It was about this time that our skirmishers fell back, a good many wounded, some limping along by themselves, others helped. The main body retired in very fair order, halting to turn round and fire; we could see a mounted officer of the guards riding up and down encouraging them to be steady. Now came our turn. For a few minutes we saw nothing, but a rattle of bullets came through the rain and mist, mostly, however, passing over the bank. We began to fire in reply, stepping up against the bank to fire, and stooping down to load; but our brigade-major rode up with an order, and the word was passed through the men to reserve our fire. In a very few moments it must have been that, when ordered to stand, we could see the helmet-spikes and then the figures of the skirmishers as they came on: a lot of them there appeared to be, five or six deep I should say, but in loose order, each man stooping to aim and fire, and then coming forward a little. Just then the brigadier clattered on horseback up the lane. "Now, then, gentlemen, give it them hot," he cried; and fire away we did, as fast as ever we were able. A perfect storm of bullets seemed to be flying about us too, and I thought each moment must be the last; escape seemed impossible, but I saw no one fall, for I was too busy, and so were we all, to look to the right or left, but loaded and fired as fast as I could. How long this went on I know not — it could not have been long; neither side could have lasted many minutes under such a fire, but it ended by the enemy gradually falling back, and as soon as we saw this we raised a tremendous shout, and some of us jumped up on the bank to give them our parting shots. Suddenly the order was passed down the line to cease firing, and we soon discovered the cause; a battalion of the Guards was charging obliquely across from our left across our front. It was, I suspect, their flank attack as much as our fire which had turned back the enemy:

and it was a splendid sight to see their steady line as they advanced slowly across the smooth lawn below us, firing as they went, but as steady as if on parade. We felt a great elation at this moment; it seemed as if the battle was won. Just then somebody called out to look to the wounded, and for the first time I turned to glance down the rank along the lane. Then I saw that we had not beaten back the attack without loss. Immediately before me lay Lawford of my office, dead on his back from a bullet through his forehead, his hand still grasping his rifle. At every step was some friend or acquaintance killed or wounded, and a few paces down the lane I found Travers, sitting with his back against the bank. A ball had gone through his lungs, and blood was coming from his mouth. I was lifting him, but the cry of agony he gave stopped me. I then saw that this was not his only wound; his thigh was smashed by a bullet (which must have hit him when standing on the bank), and the blood streaming down mixed in a muddy puddle with the rain-water under him. Still he could not be left here, so, lifting him up as well as I could, I carried him through the gate which led out of the lane at the back to where our camp hospital was in the rear. The movement must have caused him awful agony, for I could not support the broken thigh, and he could not restrain his groans, brave fellow though he was; but how I carried him all I cannot make out, for he was a much bigger man than myself; but I had not gone far, one of a stream of our fellows, all on the same errand, when a bandsman and Wood met me, bringing a hurdle as a stretcher, and on this we placed him. Wood had just time to tell me that he had got a cart down in the hollow, and would endeavour to take off his master at once to Kingston, when a staff-officer rode up to call us to the ranks. "You really must not straggle in this way, gentlemen," he said; "pray keep your ranks." "But we can't leave our wounded to be trodden down and die," cried one of our fellows. "Beat off the enemy first, sir," he replied. "Gentlemen, do, pray, join your regiments, or we shall be a regular mob." And no doubt he did not speak too soon; for besides our fellows straggling to the rear, lots of volunteers from the regiments in reserve were running forward to help, till the whole ground was dotted with groups of men. I hastened back to my post, but I had just time to notice that all the ground in our rear was occupied by a

thick mass of troops, much more numerous than in the morning, and a column was moving down to the left of our line, to the ground now held by the Guards. All this time, although the musketry had slackened, the artillery fire seemed heavier than ever; the shells screamed overhead or burst around; and I confess to feeling quite a relief at getting back to the friendly shelter of the lane. Looking over the bank, I noticed for the first time the frightful execution our fire had created. The space in front was thickly strewed with dead and badly wounded, and beyond the bodies of the fallen enemy could just be seen — for it was now getting dusk — the bear-skins and red coats of our own gallant Guards scattered over the slope, and marking the line of their victorious advance. But hardly a minute could have passed in thus looking over the field, when our brigadier-major came moving up the lane on foot (I suppose his horse had been shot), crying, "Stand to your arms, Volunteers! they're coming on again;" and we found ourselves a second time engaged in a hot musketry fire. How long it went on I cannot now remember, but we could distinguish clearly the thick line of skirmishers, about sixty paces off, and mounted officers among them; and we seemed to be keeping them well in check, for they were quite exposed to our fire, while we were protected nearly up to our shoulders, when — I know not how — I became sensible that something had gone wrong. "We are taken in flank!" called out some one; and looking along the left, sure enough there were dark figures jumping over the bank into the lane and firing up along our line. The volunteers in reserve, who had come down to take the place of the Guards, must have given way at this point; the enemy's skirmishers had got through our line, and turned our left flank. How the next move came about I cannot recollect, or whether it was without orders, but in a short time we found ourselves out of the lane and drawn up in a straggling line about thirty yards in rear of it — at our end, that is, the other flank had fallen back a good deal more — and the enemy were lining the hedge, and numbers of them passing over and forming up on our side. Beyond our left a confused mass were retreating, firing as they went, followed by the advancing line of the enemy. We stood in this way for a short space, firing at random as fast as we could. Our colonel and major must have been shot, for there was no one to give an order, when somebody on horseback called out from behind — I think it

must have been the brigadier — “Now, then, Volunteers! give a British cheer, and go at them — charge!” and, with a shout, we rushed at the enemy. Some of them ran, some stopped to meet us, and for a moment it was a real hand-to-hand fight. I felt a sharp sting in my leg, as I drove my bayonet right through the man in front of me. I confess I shut my eyes, for I just got a glimpse of the poor wretch as he fell back, his eyes starting out of his head, and, savage though we were, the sight was almost too horrible to look at. But the struggle was over in a second, and we had cleared the ground again right up to the rear hedge of the lane. Had we gone on, I believe we might have recovered the lane too, but we were now all out of order; there was no one to say what to do; the enemy began to line the hedge and open fire, and they were streaming past our left; and how it came about I know not, but we found ourselves falling back towards our right rear, scarce any semblance of a line remaining, and the volunteers who had given way on our left mixed up with us, and adding to the confusion. It was now nearly dark. On the slopes which we were retreating to was a large mass of reserves drawn up in columns. Some of the leading files of these, mistaking us for the enemy, began firing at us; our fellows, crying out to them to stop, ran towards their ranks, and in a few moments the whole slope of the hill became a scene of confusion that I cannot attempt to describe, regiments and detachments mixed up in hopeless disorder. Most of us, I believe, turned towards the enemy and fired away our few remaining cartridges; but it was too late to take aim, fortunately for us, or the guns which the enemy had brought up through the gap, and were firing point-blank, would have done more damage. As it was, we could see little more than the bright flashes of their fire. In our confusion we had jammed up a line regiment immediately behind us, and its colonel and some staff-officers were in vain trying to make a passage for it, and their shouts to us to march to the rear and clear a road could be heard above the roar of the guns and the confused babel of sound. At last a mounted officer pushed his way through, followed by a company in sections, the men brushing past with firm-set faces, as if on a desperate task; and the battalion, when it got clear, appeared to deploy and advance down the slope. I have also a dim recollection of seeing the Life Guards trot past the front, and push on towards

the town — a last desperate attempt to save the day — before we left the field. Our adjutant, who had got separated from our flank of the regiment in the confusion, now came up, and managed to lead us, or at any rate some of us, up to the crest of the hill in the rear, to re-form, as he said; but there we met a vast crowd of volunteers, militia, and waggons, all hurrying rearward from the direction of the big house, and we were borne in the stream for a mile at least before it was possible to stop. At last the adjutant led us to an open space a little off the line of fugitives, and there we reformed the remains of the companies. Telling us to halt, he rode off to try and obtain orders, and find out where the rest of our brigade was. From this point, a spur of high ground running off from the main plateau, we looked down through the dim twilight into the battle-field below. Artillery fire was still going on. We could see the flashes from the guns on both sides, and now and then a stray shell came screaming up and burst near us, but we were beyond the sound of musketry. This halt first gave us time to think about what had happened. The long day of expectancy had been succeeded by the excitement of battle; and when each minute may be your last, you do not think much about other people, nor when you are facing another man with a rifle have you time to consider whether he or you are the invader, or that you are fighting for your home and hearths. All fighting is pretty much alike, I suspect, as to sentiment, when once it begins. But now we had time for reflection; and although we did not yet quite understand how far the day had gone against us, an uneasy feeling of self-condemnation must have come up in the minds of most of us; while, above all, we now began to realize what the loss of this battle meant to the country. Then, too, we knew not what had become of all our wounded comrades. Re-action, too, set in after the fatigue and excitement. For myself, I had found out for the first time that besides the bayonet-wound in my leg, a bullet had gone through my left arm, just below the shoulder, and outside the bone. I remember feeling something like a blow just when we lost the lane, but the wound passed unnoticed till now, when the bleeding had stopped and the shirt was sticking to the wound.

This half-hour seemed an age, and while we stood on this knoll the endless tramp of men and rumbling of carts along the downs beside us told their own tale. The whole

army was falling back. At last we could discern the adjutant riding up to us out of the dark. The army was to retreat, and take up a position on Epsom Downs, he said; we should join in the march, and try and find our brigade in the morning; and so we turned into the throng again, and made our way on as best we could. A few scraps of news he gave us as he rode along-side of our leading section; the army had held its position well for a time, but the enemy had at last broken through the line between us and Guildford, as well as in our front, and had poured his men through the point gained, throwing the line into confusion, and the first army corps near Guildford were also falling back to avoid being out-flanked. The regular troops were holding the rear; we were to push on as fast as possible to get out of their way, and allow them to make an orderly retreat in the morning. The gallant old lord commanding our corps had been badly wounded early in the day, he heard, and carried off the field. The Guards had suffered dreadfully; the household cavalry had ridden down the cuirassiers, but had got into broken ground and been awfully cut up. Such were the scraps of news passed down our weary column. What had become of our wounded no one knew, and no one liked to ask. So we trudged on. It must have been midnight when we reached Leatherhead. Here we left the open ground and took to the road, and the block became greater. We pushed our way painfully along; several trains passed slowly ahead along the railway by the roadside, containing the wounded, we supposed — such of them, at least, as were lucky enough to be picked up. It was daylight when we got to Epsom. The night had been bright and clear after the storm, with a cool air, which, blowing through my soaking clothes, chilled me to the bone. My wounded leg was stiff and sore, and I was ready to drop with exhaustion and hunger. Nor were my comrades in much better case; we had eaten nothing since breakfast the day before, and the bread we had put by had been washed away by the storm: only a little pulp remained at the bottom of my bag. The tobacco was all too wet to smoke. In this plight we were creeping along, when the adjutant guided us into a field by the roadside to rest awhile, and we lay down exhausted on the sloppy grass. The roll was here taken, and only 180 answered out of nearly 500 present on the morning of the battle. How many of these were killed and wounded no one could tell; but it was certain many

must have got separated in the confusion of the evening. While resting here, we saw pass by, in the crowd of vehicles and men, a cart laden with commissariat stores, driven by a man in uniform. "Food!" cried some one, and a dozen volunteers jumped up and surrounded the cart. The driver tried to whip them off; but he was pulled off his seat, and the contents of the cart thrown out in an instant. They were preserved meats in tins, which we tore open with our bayonets. The meat had been cooked before, I think; at any rate we devoured it. Shortly after this a general came by with three or four staff-officers. He stopped and spoke to our adjutant, and then rode into the field. "My lads," said he, "you shall join my division for the present: fall in, and follow the regiment that is now passing." We rose up, fell in by companies, each about twenty strong, and turned once more into the stream moving along the road; — regiments, detachments, single volunteers or militiamen, country people making off, some with bundles, some without, a few in carts, but most on foot; here and there waggons of stores, with men sitting wherever there was room, others crammed with wounded soldiers. Many blocks occurred from horses falling, or carts breaking down and filling up the road. In the town the confusion was even worse, for all the houses seemed full of volunteers and militiamen, wounded or resting, or trying to find food, and the streets were almost choked up. Some officers were in vain trying to restore order, but the task seemed a hopeless one. One or two volunteer regiments which had arrived from the north the previous night, and had been halted here for orders, were drawn up along the roadside steadily enough, and some of the retreating regiments, including ours, may have preserved the semblance of discipline, but for the most part the mass pushing to the rear was a mere mob. The regulars, or what remained of them, were now, I believe, all in the rear, to hold the advancing enemy in check. A few officers among such a crowd could do nothing. To add to the confusion, several houses were being emptied of the wounded brought here the night before, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, some in carts, some being carried to the railway by men. The groans of these poor fellows as they were jostled through the street went to our hearts, selfish though fatigue and suffering had made us. At last, following the guidance of a staff-officer who was standing to show the way, we turned off

from the main London road and took that towards Kingston. Here the crush was less, and we managed to move along pretty steadily. The air had been cooled by the storm, and there was no dust. We passed through a village where our new general had seized all the public houses, and taken possession of the liquor; and each regiment as it came up was halted, and each man got a drink of beer, served out by companies. Whether the owner got paid, I know not, but it was like nectar. It must have been about one o'clock in the afternoon that we came in sight of Kingston. We had been on our legs sixteen hours, and had got over about twelve miles of ground. There is a hill a little south of the Surbiton station, covered then mostly with villas, but open at the western extremity, where there was a clump of trees on the summit. We had diverged from the road towards this, and here the general halted us and disposed the line of the division along his front, facing to the south-west, the right of the line reaching down to the Thames, the left extending along the southern slope of the hill, in the direction of the Epsom road by which we had come. We were nearly in the centre, occupying the knoll just in front of the general, who dismounted on the top and tied his horse to a tree. It is not much of a hill, but commands an extensive view over the flat country around; and as we lay wearily on the ground we could see the Thames glistening like a silver field in the bright sunshine, the palace at Hampton Court, the bridge at Kingston, and the old church tower rising above the haze of the town, with the woods of Richmond Park behind it. To most of us the scene could not but call up the associations of happy days of peace — days now ended and peace destroyed through national infatuation. We did not say this to each other, but a deep depression had come upon us, partly due to weakness and fatigue, no doubt, but we saw that another stand was going to be made, and we had no longer any confidence in ourselves. If we could not hold our own when stationary in line, on a good position, but had been broken up into a rabble at the first shock, what chance had we now of manoeuvring against a victorious enemy in this open ground? A feeling of desperation came over us, a determination to struggle on against hope; but anxiety for the future of the country, and our friends, and all dear to us, filled our thoughts now that we had time for reflection. We had had no news of any kind since Wood joined us the day before — we knew not

what was doing in London, or what the Government was about, or anything else; and exhausted though we were, we felt an intense craving to know what was happening in other parts of the country.

Our general had expected to find a supply of food and ammunition here, but nothing turned up. Most of us had hardly a cartridge left, so he ordered the regiment next to us, which came from the north and had not been engaged, to give us enough to make up twenty rounds a man, and he sent off a fatigue-party to Kingston to try and get provisions, while a detachment of our fellows was allowed to go foraging among the villas in our rear; and in about an hour they brought back some bread and meat, which gave us a slender meal all round. They said most of the houses were empty, and that many had been stripped of all eatables, and a good deal damaged already.

It must have been between three and four o'clock when the sound of cannonading began to be heard in the front, and we could see the smoke of the guns rising above the woods of Esher and Claremont, and soon afterwards some troops emerged from the fields below us. It was the rear-guard of regular troops. There were some guns also, which were driven up the slope and took up their position round the knoll. There were three batteries, but they only counted eight guns amongst them. Behind them was posted the line; it was a brigade apparently of four regiments, but the whole did not look to be more than eight or nine hundred men. Our regiment and another had been moved a little to the rear to make way for them, and presently we were ordered down to occupy the railway station on our right rear. My leg was now so stiff I could no longer march with the rest, and my left arm was very swollen and sore, and almost useless; but anything seemed better than being left behind, so I limped after the battalion as best I could down to the station. There was a goods shed a little in advance of it down the line, a strong brick building, and here my company was posted. The rest of our men lined the wall of the enclosure. A staff-officer came with us to arrange the distribution; we should be supported by line troops, he said, and in a few minutes a train full of them came slowly up from Guildford way. It was the last; the men got out, the train passed on, and a party began to tear up the rails, while the rest were distributed among the houses on each side. A sergeant's party joined us in our shed, and an engineer

officer with sappers came to knock holes in the walls for us to fire from ; but there were only half-a-dozen of them, so progress was not rapid, and as we had no tools we could not help. It was while we were watching this job that the adjutant, who was as active as ever, looked in, and told us to muster in the yard. The fatigues-party had come back from Kingston, and a small baker's handcart of food was made over to us as our share. It contained loaves, flour, and some joints of meat. The meat and the flour we had not time or means to cook. The loaves we devoured ; and there was a tap of water in the yard, so we felt refreshed by the meal. I should have liked to wash my wounds, which were becoming very offensive, but I dared not take off my coat, feeling sure I should not be able to get it on again. It was while we were eating our bread that the rumour first reached us of another disaster, even greater than that we had witnessed ourselves. Whence it came I know not ; but a whisper went down the ranks that Woolwich had been captured. We all knew that it was our only arsenal, and understood the significance of the blow. No hope, if this were true, of saving the country. Thinking over this, we went back to the shed.

Although this was only our second day of war, I think we were already old soldiers so far that we had come to be careless about fire, and the shot and shell that now began to open on us made no sensation. We felt, indeed, our need of discipline, and we saw plainly enough the slender chance of success coming out of such a rabble as we were ; but I think we were all determined to fight on as long as we could. Our gallant adjutant gave his spirit to everybody ; and the staff-officer commanding was a very cheery fellow, and went about as if we were certain of victory. Just as the firing began he looked in to say that we were as safe as in a church, that we must be sure and pepper the enemy well, and that more cartridges would soon arrive. There were some steps and benches in the shed, and on these a part of our men were standing, to fire through the upper loop-holes, while the line soldiers and others stood on the ground, guarding the second row. I sat on the floor, for I could not use my rifle, and besides, there were more men than loop-holes. The artillery fire which had opened now on our position was from a longish range ; and occupation for the riflemen had hardly begun when there was a crash in the shed, and I was knocked

down by a blow on the head. I was almost stunned for a time, and could not make out what had happened. A shot or shell had hit the shed without quite penetrating the wall, but the blow had upset the steps resting against it, and the men standing on them, bringing down a cloud of plaster and brickbats, one of which had struck me. I felt now past being of use. I could not use my rifle, and could barely stand ; and after a time I thought I would make for my own house, on the chance of finding some one still there. I got up therefore, and staggered homewards. Musketry fire had now commenced, and our side were blazing away from the windows of the houses, and from behind walls, and from the shelter of some trucks still standing in the station. A couple of field-pieces in the yard were firing, and in the open space in rear a reserve was drawn up. There, too, was the staff-officer on horseback, watching the fight through his field-glass. I remember having still enough sense to feel that the position was a hopeless one. That straggling line of houses and gardens would surely be broken through at some point, and then the line must give way like a rope of sand. It was about a mile to our house, and I was thinking how I could possibly drag myself so far when I suddenly recollect that I was passing Travers's house,—one of the first of a row of villas then leading from the station to Kingston. Had he been brought home, I wondered, as his faithful old servant promised, and was his wife still here ? I remember to this day the sensation of shame I felt, when I recollect that I had not once given him — my greatest friend — a thought since I carried him off the field the day before. But war and suffering make men selfish. I would go in now at any rate and rest awhile, and see if I could be of use. The little garden before the house was as trim as ever — I used to pass it every day on my way to the train, and knew every shrub in it — and a blaze of flowers, but the hall-door stood ajar. I stepped in and saw little Arthur standing in the hall. He had been dressed as neatly as ever that day, and as he stood there in his pretty blue frock and white trousers and socks showing his chubby little legs, with his golden locks, fair face, and large dark eyes, the picture of childish beauty, in the quiet hall, just as it used to look — the vases of flowers, the hat and coats hanging up, the familiar pictures on the walls — this vision of peace in the midst of war made me wonder for a moment, faint and giddy as I

was, if the pandemonium outside had any real existence, and was not merely a hideous dream. But the roar of the guns making the house shake, and the rushing of the shot, gave a ready answer. The little fellow appeared almost unconscious of the scene around him, and was walking up the stairs holding by the railing, one step at a time, as I had seen him do a hundred times before, but turned round as I came in. My appearance frightened him, and staggering as I did into the hall, my face and clothes covered with blood and dirt, I must have looked an awful object to the child, for he gave a cry and turned to run towards the basement stairs. But he stopped on hearing my voice calling him back to his god-papa, and after a while came timidly up to me. Papa had been to the battle, he said, and was very ill: mamma was with papa: Wood was out: Lucy was in the cellar, and had taken him there, but he wanted to go to mamma. Telling him to stay in the hall for a minute till I called him, I climbed up-stairs and opened the bedroom-door. My poor friend lay there, his body resting on the bed, his head supported on his wife's shoulder as she sat by the bedside. He breathed heavily, but the pallor of his face, the closed eyes, the prostrate arms, the clammy foam she was wiping from his mouth, all spoke of approaching death. The good old servant had done his duty, at least, — he had brought his master home to die in his wife's arms. The poor woman was too intent on her charge to notice the opening of the door, and as the child would be better away, I closed it gently and went down to the hall to take little Arthur to the shelter below, where the maid was hiding. Too late! He lay at the foot of the stairs on his face, his little arms stretched out, his hair dabbled in blood. I had not noticed the crash among the other noises, but a splinter of a shell must have come through the open doorway; it had carried away the back of his head. The poor child's death must have been instantaneous. I tried to lift up the little corpse, with my one arm, but even this load was too much for me, and while stooping down I fainted away.

When I came to my senses again it was quite dark, and for some time I could not make out where I was; I lay indeed for some time like one half asleep, feeling no inclination to move. By degrees I became aware that I was on the carpeted floor of a room. All noise of battle had ceased, but there was a sound as of many people close by. At last I sat up and

gradually got to my feet. The movement gave me intense pain, for my wounds were now highly inflamed, and my clothes sticking to them made them dreadfully sore. At last I got up and groped my way to the door, and opening it at once saw where I was, for the pain had brought back my senses. I had been lying in Travers's little writing-room at the end of the passage, into which I made my way. There was no gas and the drawing-room door was closed; but from the open dining-room the glimmer of a candle feebly lighted up the hall, in which half-a-dozen sleeping figures could be discerned, while the room itself was crowded with men. The table was covered with plates, glasses, and bottles; but most of the men were asleep in the chairs or on the floor, a few were smoking cigars, and one or two with their helmets on were still engaged at supper, occasionally grunting out an observation between the mouthfuls.

"Sind wackere Soldaten, diese Englischen Freiwilligen," said a broad-shouldered brute, stuffing a great hunch of beef into his mouth with a silver fork, an implement I should think he must have been using for the first time in his life.

"Ja, ja," replied a comrade, who was lolling back in his chair with a pair of very dirty legs on the table, and one of poor Travers's best cigars in his mouth; "sie so gut laufen können."

"Ja wohl," responded the first speaker; "aber sind nicht eben so schnell wie die Französischen Moblotten."

"Gewiss," grunted a hulking lout from the floor, leaning on his elbow, and sending out a cloud of smoke from his ugly jaws; "und da sind hier etwa gute Schützen."

"Hast recht, lange Peter," answered number one; "wenn die Schurken so gut exerciren wie schützen könnten, so wären wir heute nicht hier!"

"Recht! recht!" said the second; "das exerciren macht den guten Soldaten."

What more criticisms on the shortcomings of our unfortunate volunteers might have passed I did not stop to hear, being interrupted by a sound on the stairs. Mrs. Travers was standing on the landing-place; I limped up the stairs to meet her. Among the many pictures of those fatal days engraved on my memory, I remember none more clearly than the mournful aspect of my poor friend, widowed and motherless within a few moments, as she stood there in her white dress, coming forth like a ghost from the chamber of the

dead, the candle she held lighting up her face, and contrasting its pallor with the dark hair that fell disordered round it, its beauty radiant even through features worn with fatigue and sorrow. She was calm and even tearless, though the trembling lip told of the effort to restrain the emotion she felt. "Dear friend," she said, taking my hand, "I was coming to seek you; forgive my selfishness in neglecting you so long; but you will understand"—glancing at the door above—"how occupied I have been." "Where," I began, "is"—"my boy?" she answered, anticipating my question. "I have laid him by his father. But now your wounds must be cared for; how pale and faint you look!—rest here a moment,"—and, descending to the dining-room, she returned with some wine, which I gratefully drank, and then, making me sit down on the top step of the stairs, she brought water and linen, and, cutting off the sleeve of my coat, bathed and bandaged my wounds. 'Twas I who felt selfish for thus adding to her troubles; but in truth I was too weak to have much will left, and stood in need of the help which she forced me to accept; and the dressing of my wounds afforded indescribable relief. While thus tending me, she explained in broken sentences how matters stood. Every room but her own, and the little parlour into which she with Wood's help had carried me, was full of soldiers. Wood had been taken away to work at repairing the railroad, and Lucy had run off from fright; but the cook had stopped at her post, and had served up supper and opened the cellar for the soldiers' use: she did not understand what they said, and they were rough and boorish, but not uncivil. I should now go, she said, when my wounds were dressed, to look after my own home, where I might be wanted; for herself, she wished only to be allowed to remain watching there—pointing to the room where lay the bodies of her husband and child—where she would not be molested. I felt that her advice was good. I could be of no use as protection, and I had an anxious longing to know what had become of my sick mother and sister; besides, some arrangement must be made for the burial. I therefore limped away. There was no need to express thanks on either side, and the grief was too deep to be reached by any outward show of sympathy.

Outside the house there was a good deal of movement and bustle; many carts going along, the waggoners, from Sussex

and Surrey, evidently impressed and guarded by soldiers; and although no gas was burning, the road towards Kingston was well lighted by torches held by persons standing at short intervals in line, who had been seized for the duty, some of them the tenants of neighbouring villas. Almost the first of these torch-bearers I came to was an old gentleman whose face I was well acquainted with from having frequently travelled up and down in the same train with him. He was a senior clerk in a Government office, I believe, and was a mild-looking old man with a prim face and a long neck, which he used to wrap in a wide double neckcloth, a thing even in those days seldom seen. Even in that moment of bitterness I could not help being amused by the absurd figure this poor old fellow presented, with his solemn face and long cravat doing penance with a torch in front of his own door, to light up the path of our conquerors. But a more serious object now presented itself, a corporal's guard passing by, with two English volunteers in charge, their hands tied behind their backs. They cast an imploring glance at me, and I stepped into the road to ask the corporal what was the matter, and even ventured, as he was passing on, to lay my hand on his sleeve. "Auf dem Wege, Spitzbube!" cried the brute, lifting his rifle as if to knock me down. "Must one prisoners who fire at us let shoot?" he went on to add; and shot the poor fellows would have been, I suppose, if I had not interceded with an officer who happened to be riding by. "Herr Hauptmann," I cried, as loud as I could, "is this your discipline, to let unarmed prisoners be shot without orders?" The officer, thus appealed to, reined in his horse, and halted the guard till he heard what I had to say. My knowledge of other languages here stood me in good stead, for the prisoners, north-country factory hands apparently, were of course utterly unable to make themselves understood, and did not even know in what they had offended. I therefore interpreted their explanation: they had been left behind while skirmishing near Ditton, in a barn, and coming out of their hiding-place in the midst of a party of the enemy, with their rifles in their hands, the latter thought they were going to fire at them from behind. It was a wonder they were not shot down on the spot. The captain heard the tale, and then told the guard to let them go, and they slunk off at once into a byroad. He was a fine soldier-like man, but nothing could exceed the insol-

lence of his manner, which was perhaps all the greater because it seemed not intentional, but to arise from a sense of immeasurable superiority. Between the lame *freiwilliger* pleading for his comrades, and the captain of the conquering army, there was, in his view, an infinite gulf. Had the two men been dogs, their fate could not have been decided more contemptuously. They were let go simply because they were not worth keeping as prisoners, and perhaps to kill any living thing without cause went against the *hauptmann's* sense of justice. But why speak of this insult in particular? Had not every man who lived then his tale to tell of humiliation and degradation? For it was the same story everywhere. After the first stand in line, and when once they had got us on the march, the enemy laughed at us. Our handful of regular troops was sacrificed almost to a man in a vain conflict with numbers; our volunteers and militia, with officers who did not know their work, without ammunition or equipment, or staff to superintend, starving in the midst of plenty, we had soon become a helpless mob, fighting desperately here and there, but with whom, as a manoeuvring army, the disciplined invaders did just what they pleased. Happy those whose bones whitened the fields of Surrey; they at least were spared the disgrace we lived to endure. Even you, who have never known what it is to live otherwise than on sufferance, even your cheeks burn when we talk of these days; think, then, what those endured who, like your grandfather, had been citizens of the proudest nation on earth, which had never known disgrace or defeat, and whose boast it used to be that they bore a flag on which the sun never set! We had heard of generosity in war; we found none: the war was made by us, it was said, and we must take the consequences. London and our only arsenal captured, we were at the mercy of our captors, and right heavily did they tread on our necks. Need I tell you the rest? — of the ransom we had to pay, and the taxes raised to cover it, which keep us paupers to this day? — the brutal frankness that announced we must give place to a new naval Power, and be made harmless for revenge? — the victorious troops living at free quarters, the yoke they put on us made the more galling that their requisitions had a semblance of method and legality? Better have been robbed at first hand by the soldiery themselves, than through our own magistrates made the instruments for extortion.

How we lived through the degradation we daily and hourly underwent, I hardly even now understand. And what was there left to us to live for? Stripped of our colonies; Canada and the West Indies gone to America; Australia forced to separate; India lost for ever, after the English there had all been destroyed, vainly trying to hold the country when cut off from aid by their countrymen; Gibraltar and Malta ceded to the new naval Power; Ireland independent and in perpetual anarchy and revolution. When I look at my country as it is now — its trade gone, its factories silent, its harbours empty, a prey to pauperism and decay — when I see all this, and think what Great Britain was in my youth, I ask myself whether I have really a heart or any sense of patriotism that I should have witnessed such degradation and still care to live! France was different. There, too, they had to eat the bread of tribulation under the yoke of the conqueror; their fall was hardly more sudden or violent than ours; but war could not take away their rich soil; they had no colonies to lose; their broad lands, which made their wealth, remained to them; and they rose again from the blow. But our people could not be got to see how artificial our prosperity was — that it all rested on foreign trade and financial credit; that the course of trade once turned away from us, even for a time, it might never return; and that our credit once shaken might never be restored. To hear men talk in those days, you would have thought that Providence had ordained that our Government should always borrow at three per cent, and that trade came to us because we lived in a foggy little island set in a boisterous sea. They could not be got to see that the wealth heaped up on every side was not created in the country, but in India and China, and other parts of the world; and that it would be quite possible for the people who made money by buying and selling the natural treasures of the earth, to go and live in other places, and take their profits with them. Nor would men believe that there could ever be an end to our coal and iron, or that they would get to be so much dearer than the coal and iron of America that it would no longer be worth while to work them, and that therefore we ought to insure against the loss of our artificial position as the great centre of trade, by making ourselves secure and strong and respected. We thought we were living in a commercial millennium, which must last for a thou-

sand years at least. After all, the bitterest part of our reflection is, that all this misery and decay might have been so easily prevented, and that we brought it about ourselves by our own shortsighted recklessness. There, across the narrow Straits, was the writing on the wall, but we would not choose to read it. The warnings of the few were drowned in the voice of the multitude. Power was then passing away from the class which had been used to rule, and to face political dangers, and which had brought the nation with honour unsullied through former struggles, into the hands of the lower classes, uneducated, untrained to the use of political rights, and swayed by demagogues; and the few who were wise in their generation were denounced as alarmists, or as aristocrats who sought their own aggrandizement by wasting public money on bloated armaments. The rich were idle and luxurious; the poor grudged the cost of defence. Politics had become a mere bidding for Radical votes, and those who should have led the nation, stooped rather

to pander to the selfishness of the day, and humoured the popular cry which denounced those who would secure the defence of the nation by enforced arming of its manhood, as interfering with the liberties of the people. Truly the nation was ripe for a fall; but when I reflect how a little firmness and self-denial, or political courage and foresight, might have averted the disaster, I feel that the judgment must have really been deserved. A nation too selfish to defend its liberty, could not have been fit to retain it. To you, my grandchildren, who are now going to seek a new home in a more prosperous land, let not this bitter lesson be lost upon you in the country of your adoption. For me, I am too old to begin life again in a strange country; and hard and evil as have been my days, it is not much to await in solitude the time which cannot now be far off when my old bones will be laid to rest in the soil I have loved so well, and whose happiness and honour I have so long survived.

ROBESPIERRE ON LIBERTY OF WORSHIP.—To speak of Robespierre as a teacher of morals may sound incongruous to those who associate his name with little besides the guillotine and the long procession of victims he sent to death. Many a better man, however, has failed to grasp the truth he preached in '93, when churches were robbed and priests imprisoned, as is now the case in Paris. A French paper calls the attention of the authors of the present excesses to his utterances on this point. "By what right (said he) should men hitherto unknown in the march of the revolution come in the midst of these events to seek a false popularity, sowing discord among us, disturbing liberty of worship in the name of liberty, attacking fanaticism by fresh fanaticism, and making the homage due to pure truth degenerate into ridiculous farces? Why should they be permitted thus to play with the dignity of the people, and fasten the bells of folly to the very sceptre of reason? It has been supposed that by receiving civic offerings the Convention had proscribed Catholic worship. No, the Convention has not taken this rash step; it will never do so. Its intention is to maintain the liberty of worship which it has proclaimed, and at the same time to repress those who abuse it to the disturbance of public order. Priests have been denounced for having said mass; they will say it longer if they are prevented from saying it. He who tries to prevent mass from being said is more fanatical than

he who says it. There are men who claim to make a religion of atheism. Every philosopher, every individual, can on this point adopt whatever opinion he pleases. He who would make it a crime in him would be a madman; but the legislator who should adopt such a system would be a hundred times more mad."

Pall Mall Gazette.

ON THE THEORY OF FLAME.—In the number of Kolbe's *Journal für praktische Chemie* for June 1870 is a short account of some experiments by H. Karl Knapp, which seem to show that the explanations usually given of the non-luminosity of the flame of a Bunsen's burner, viz. that it is a consequence of the perfect combustion of the coal gas, is not the cause, or at least not the only one, of this phenomenon. H. Knapp finds that, if instead of allowing air to mix with the coal gas, a sufficiently strong stream of nitrogen, hydrochloric acid, or carbonic acid gas, neither of which can act as a supporter of combustion, be passed into the flame, the latter becomes perfectly non-luminous. Probably this is in great part due to the reduction of temperature and pressure in the flame consequent on the introduction of the above gases.

Academy.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
L'AMBULANCE TRICOCHE: RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

I.

MONSIEUR LE CURE TRICOCHE was a man of sense. He clothed himself warmly in winter; during the summer months he avoided exciting himself; and summer and winter he ate his dinner leisurely: "for if there is one thing I hate more than another," said he, "it is to be hurried whilst I am eating."

Nature had fitted him with a good round paunch, apt to contain any amount of *pâté-de-foie-gras*; and with a fine broad hand, made on purpose for the fingering of fees. He had a plump, honest face; wheezed a little when walking — the effect of the *foie-gras*; and if he had a two-sou piece in his pocket when a beggar passed, he gave him — his blessing.

Monsieur Tricoche had been helped up the ladder by a patron — so he liked patrons. His had been a M. de Roussis, a Voltairian, who supported the clergy, voted for the temporal power in the Corps Législatif, laughed at the Pope, and would not for the world have undertaken a voyage on a Friday. M. de Roussis was one of the "official deputies" of the Second Empire. It is no disparagement to him to say that he knew nothing: for had he known anything he would not have been an official deputy; but he was a pleasant, breezy, generous sort of a legislator, who was fond enough of doing a good turn when it cost him nothing; and so M. Tricoche, having at three successive elections obtained him the votes of 227 peasants, who could neither read nor write, he had used his influence to have M. Tricoche appointed to the incumbency of a spick-span new metropolitan church, that of Ste. Rosemonde.

Everybody has seen and admired those spick-span new Paris churches raised by the creative genius of Baron Haussmann. They are perfect. Put a check-taker at the door, and you might imagine yourself entering a music-hall; ornament the façade with a few yards of bunting, and there you have a popular restaurant, a dry-goods' warehouse, a museum of stuffed birds, or any other mortal thing you like to fancy. There is no doubt of this, that the architects of the Second Empire were true men, and understood their business. In these days of revolutionization, the main point to be avoided in building is to give any edifice such a distinctive aspect as to make its sudden transformation difficult. It would not be wise to make a

church look like a church. To-morrow it might be converted into a "Temple of Reason," the next day into a club for advocating the Rights of Women. Moreover, so long as Herr von Bismarck lives, it is well to be prepared for the chance of its becoming a powder-magazine.

So the architect who constructed Ste. Rosemonde's had enriched it with a Gothic roof, a Byzantine dome, a Doric front, and a belfry that would have resembled a Chinese pagoda but for the Corinthian columns encircling it. The decorators, following in the wake, had painted the inside of the dome sky-blue, laid on an abundant coating of yellow-ochre over the walls, and spread gilding liberally, as if with a butter-knife, over every inch of cornice, beading, and pilaster they could discover. A distinguished artist had put the final touch. He had covered the yellow-ochre with cupids and dryads — some said they were cherubim and seraphim, but there was nothing to show it; traced his own signature in a garland between the interspaces of the arches; and devised for the altar a magnificent stained-glass window, which represented Adam and Eve being expelled from the garden of Eden, or the Genius of Napoleonism announcing the dawn of universal suffrage to two natives of the Fig-leaf Isles — it is not quite clear which. Authorities were agreed that the Church of Ste. Rosemonde was not such a church as you could meet with every day. Baron Haussmann affirmed this, and so did the distinguished artist. And the members of the Opposition in the Chamber were of the same opinion, for they said the church had cost four million francs.

But however this might be, Ste. Rosemonde's was one of the most fashionable places of worship going; and when M. le Curé Tricoche arrived there, rustic and hale, from a fifteen years' vicarage at Choufleury-sur-Aube, he found himself pastor of as well-conditioned a flock as any that a good priest could pray for. All prosperous sheep they were, with abundance of wool. Ste. Rosemonde's stood right in the centre of a new quarter, built to lodge an interesting population of millionaires, who, having been without a sixpence on the eve of the *coup-d'état*, and having become rapidly rich posterior to that event, were destitute of fitting places where to lay their heads. Mansions in simili-marble, with gates in simili-bronze; coach-houses at the back, gilt balconies to the front, ready-made statues attitudinizing in the centre of geranium-beds: all the

dwellings in this neighbourhood were alike. You had no need to knock at the door to be sure that the footmen wore brand-new pluses and powder, that there were champagne corks flying at luncheon, that Mlle. Theresa's last songs lay open on the piano, and that tickets for the next ball at the Tuilleries were to be seen on the mantel-shelf. All this was as visibly written over the stuccoed porticoes as if a scribe had done it. And you had not far to go to learn who the inmates were. Their names were in everybody's mouth and in the mundane gazettes. They were the birds of gay plumage who had built their nests in the branches of the Imperial trees.—The senators and deputies, ministers and stock-jobbers, field-marshals and opera-singers, Russian princes and Yankee tuft-hunters—all the men of the day, in short, who were making hay whilst the sun shone, persuaded that it would not last long, but that some morning or other, when they least expected it, the storm would come and scatter them to the four winds—them and the dynasty that had fathered them, their powdered footmen and their slippery millions, their mansions, sinecures, tinsel trappings, pinchbeck dignities, and that barley-sugar-looking church of theirs in which their wives and daughters praised Heaven every Sunday morning to *concerto* music at half-past eleven o'clock.

Now, you will not think, I hope, that I have undertaken this recital for the mere purpose of splashing ink at the Second Empire; or to tell you, as above, that M. le Curé Tricoche dearly loved his bit of turbot, his glass of "*Lafite*, '46," and his fragrant cup of mocha after dinner. The Second Empire—well, it is dead and buried now, so *requiescat*; and as for M. Tricoche, why should I grudge that worthy man his slice of fish and glass of claret? For have I not seen him through the perishing cold days of last winter striding, lean and gaunt, beside the ambulance-waggons, and, after twelve hours spent in shriving the dying and picking up the wounded on the fields of Champigny and the Plateau d'Avron, sit down to his ounce of underdone horse-meat and his half-pound of gritty black bread? "And quite good enough, too, for me, who am the son of a peasant," would he say, with a quiet smile; and turning to his old housekeeper, Mlle. Virginie, "Mind, my good Virginie, that what remains in the cellar of that old Bordeaux is sent to the Ste. Rosemonde ambulance to-morrow; and in future serve me water."

I confess the change was a little startling. I remember visiting the Church of Ste. Rosemonde about a year ago—no, it is not quite a year—it was on that famous 8th May, 1870, when the Bonaparte dynasty took a new lease of life, *auspice Emilio*, M. Emile Olivier being chief of the cabinet. I fancy M. Tricoche looked plumper than ever that morning. He was in the pulpit. Below him twenty rows of cushioned sittings were occupied by dresses from Worth's, bonnets from Laure's, gloves from Jouvin's, and chin-gnons of any circumference you please to name. Down the lines gold-headed smelling-bottles glistened like batteries of field-pieces, and two hundred fans going *flap, flap* in unison kept up a concert that was infinitely refreshing. M. Tricoche was treating of a better world than this, where all there present would meet again. He did not say precisely what kind of a better world; but the impression conveyed was that one would find nothing but Bonapartists there, and that the good places would be reserved for official candidates. He denounced MM. Thiers and Jules Favre in pointed and vigorous (though anonymous) terms, formally excluding them from all share of paradise on the ground that by opposing that great and righteous National Measure, the Plebiscitum, they were proclaiming their un-holy lust for bloodshed, their love of anarchy, &c. &c. Finally, he remarked that he would dismiss his hearers early that morning, for that some of them had a great civic duty to perform (*i.e.* to go and vote "Yes"); and so, *Pax vobis cum, fratres, per secula seculorum. Ite, missa est;*" and he scuttled majestically into the sacristy.

The next time that I saw M. Tricoche was close upon four months after. Events had moved apace between the 8th May and the 4th September—that is, between the sowing of the seed and the garnering in of the harvest. Towards two P.M. on the latter of these two dates I found myself together with something like a tenth of the population of Paris, in the vicinity of the Place de la Concorde. It was not a sight to be ever forgotten. The whole of that vast area was choked up with an excited, shouting sea of heads, swollen each minute with tributary torrents from the neighbouring streets, and surging in a compact mass towards the building of the Corps Législatif, where the Assembly were discussing the capitulation of Sedan. To the south, east, and west, in front of the Pont de la Concorde, the Tuilleries, and the Champs Elysées, this tumultuous,

seething lake was dyked in by lines of troops, whose glittering bayonets flashed in the sun of an absolutely cloudless sky — the sky of Austerlitz! The thickest dyke was along the quays, where the National Guards were arrayed, and the firmest on the Pont de la Concorde itself, where a troop of Cuirassiers was posted, grim, mounted, and looking game to die to the last man in case of need. Shall I acknowledge that I did not like the appearance of these Cuirassiers, and that, glancing at their long, drawn sabres, and then at the unprotected heads of the undulating multitude confronting them, I began to muse as to what it would be in a few minutes, when that multitude attempted to force the bridge and those sabres rose and fell, strewing gashed corpses around them by the dozen? As sure as I am now a living man, I expected bloodshed. I expected to see the death-signal start from the Quai d'Orsay, where I could discern a general's uniform, and, at the command, the whole columns of infantry open fire at once. We were a hundred and fifty thousand — ten thousand of us must have gone to our account, without remission, in the first five minutes. However, there was not a soul who blenched: on the contrary, the crowd grew denser, more determined; the revolutionary shouts rose louder and more fearless; the onward pressure gathered each second in intensity; and perhaps I was the only person in that countless assemblage who reflected that our lives now hung on a single thread, on the hazard of a chance collision between some drunken workman and quick-tempered soldier, or the momentary impulse for good or ill which might actuate that distant man in the uniform. "*A bas l'Empereur! La déchéance! A la Lanterne les Bonapartes!*" The soldiers closed up their ranks, and appeared to wait. "*Vive la Nation!*" "*A mort les Prussiens! Vive la France!*" I saw the soldiers hesitate. *Vive l'Armée!* *Aux armes pour la patrie en danger!* *Vive la héroïque ville de Strasbourg qui meurt pour rester avec nous!*" There was a thrill amongst the soldiers; they looked at one another, and then, in silence, reversed their arms. On the bridge the Cuirassiers sheathed their swords, and fell back. The Revolution was victorious without a blow. An immense cry unanimous, resounding, and triumphant, rent the air: "*Vive la République, une, indivisible, et fraternelle!*" and with the force, freedom, and impetuosity of an inundation, the popular ocean swept headlong where it would — to the Palace of the Assembly, to the Tuilleries, to the

Hôtel-de-Ville. As for myself, I was caught up, whirled round in an eddy, and carried away like a wisp of straw, heaven knew whither. Workmen and soldiers arm-in-arm, become friends and brothers, were marching and singing; young girls laughed and cried, "*A bas l'Empire!*" small boys capered along and whistled. In front of the shops men on ladders were unhooking the Imperial scutcheons, throwing them down with a crash, and effacing the words, "*Purveyors to their Majesties,*" amidst tremendous cheering. I should never have thought that deposing a dynasty could have been such gay work as that. Once or twice we had a stoppage at places where two roads met, and some travelling landau, with boxes on the roof, would pass by with the speed of the wind. It was not always easy to recognize the face inside; but occasionally a jolt would bring to view the ashen, scared features of an ex-minister or senator en route for the railway-station; and at this there would be terrific howling, not unmixed with derisive shouts of "*Bon voyage!*" and valedictory stones. After all, it was a merry mob. It bestowed an ovation upon a pork-butcher who had hung up two defunct pigs in his window, crowned them with gelatine, and labelled them respectively "*Bismarck*" and "*Napoleon*"; and it halted frequently before public-houses. Still, I should have been glad enough to get clear of its company; and I was just making my fourth or fifth effort to this end, attempting to elbow my way out of the current up a side-street, when I found myself unexpectedly opposite to the Church of Ste. Rosemonde.

As I have told you, I had not seen my friend M. Tricoche for four months, but, fatality aiding, he was on the steps at that minute, precisely as we passed. I learned afterwards that he had been saying his mass and preaching his sermon before empty seats, for the long-dreaded storm had come, and his charming Worth-clad parishioners were most of them flown to London. He seemed to me changed, care-worn, and — strange to say — thinned. But he still held himself straight, and sported on the breast of his cassock the scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honour, with which he had been dignified the year before, I forget for what reason. M. le Curé Tricoche was too well-known a personage for the crowd to go by him without an exchange of amenities. His presence at first occasioned mirth: everybody laughed and stopped; and a burly workman, good-natured-looking enough, de-

spite the ferocious and comminatory attitude he struck, stepped out and apostrophized the good man :—

"Heigh there, M. le Curé, you know the Empire has been despatched to kingdom-come, and you won't refuse to join us in crying '*Vive la République!*' I know?"

Must I own that I didn't think M. le Curé would refuse. Indeed, why should he have done so, when so many men greater than he were denying the idol they had worshipped, and hastening to lay all disasters, past, present, and future, to its charge. I could not help smiling at what appeared to me the naïveness of the workman in supposing that prosperous, acute M. Tricoche would risk a broken head for the sake of defending such a sorry, friendless thing as a fallen Power. What was not then my surprise, my confusion, when, fixing a mild glance on the man, the Curé said :—

"My good friend, when the Emperor declared war, not six weeks ago, I was amongst the men who approved him, encouraged him, and I have been humiliating myself ever since for that bad action. The Emperor is paying much less for faults of his own than for sins of ours, who, able to prevent his unwise enterprises, never had the honesty to do so. I do not know what has been the part you have played in this war, nor what it would have been had our armies proved victorious; but for myself let me say that if the Emperor had come back in triumph, I should have cheered him; you will excuse me, therefore, if in this hour of his defeat I cry, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' all the same, and add this other cry, 'God save France, and forgive me for my share in her present calamities.'"

This was said simply, without faltering, but without ostentation. The blush of shame rose to my face, and furtively I crept beside M. Tricoche, ready to stand between him and any awkward consequences his courageous words might entail. But mobs are sometimes not ungenerous. The workman stared a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and turned away, rather bewildered, I fancy, and wondering within himself what curious breed of a man this could be who felt he had done wrong and quietly said so. The rest of the crowd trudged on at the heels of the workman, wondering also why the Curé had not shouted as he was bid, but yelling "*Vive la République!*" with all their own mights to make up for the loss. As for me, left alone with the Curé, I saluted him with respect. It seemed to me

that in these few minutes he had grown a cubit.

II.

THE excellent man's conversion, as it was good-naturedly called, created some sensation—not so much at the time itself, however, as a few weeks afterwards. During the fortnight that elapsed between the proclamation of the Republic one and indivisible, and the investment of Paris, people were too much occupied with their own business to concern themselves about other people's. The Republicans were distributing posts of emolument to one another; such of the Bonapartists as had not already decamped were hastening to do so; moreover, it was the time for the general laying in of provisions. Every morning long lines of carts entered Paris loaded with cheeses, and the new provisional Government, with an eye to the future, caused these cheeses to be transported to underground cellars, where they got nice and mouldy. Everybody invested more or less in sardines, sacks of unchewable sea biscuits, tins of concentrated soup, labelled with incomprehensible directions, and jars of potted meat exported from England by intelligent speculators, who, deeming the occasion a fine one, had hit upon the plan of filling a good number of the jars with tallow, and leaving us to find out the joke a few months later, when we had nothing else to eat. There were also fire-proof and shell-proof precautions to be taken with the roofs of our dwelling-houses, by means of layers of earth, which the winter snows, by the way, frequently converted into salubrious reservoirs of liquid mud;—and all these preoccupations debarred the public from paying much attention to M. Tricoche. But by-and-by when the siege was fairly commenced; when the booming of the cannon had already become familiar music to our ears; when, in short, the Parisians found leisure to count themselves, and see who were the faithful who had remained to share the ordeal, who the patriots who "would have so liked to stay," but had been ordered away just at this unfortunate moment to Brighton or Nice by their doctors—then, it began to be noticed in the parish of Ste. Rosemonde that M. le Curé Tricoche was no longer the man he was before, that he had given up wheezing, that his head was greyer, and that somehow or other people no longer felt tempted to laugh when he passed them as in the good old days when his rubicund visage and

waddling gait struck all beholders with mirth.

Nevertheless, it was not good to accept this transformation without suspicion. One must be wary now-a-days. After all M. Tricoche was a rich man. He had been pocketing the revenues of Ste. Rosemonde (estimated at 100,000 francs per annum) for now several years; he had two horses in his stable; his cassocks were lined with satin; it was notorious that roast-meats figured at his board. This new sanctimonious attitude of his might only be some Jesuitic feint destined to throw dust into the eyes of the Republic one and indivisible. Who knows?

Mind you, these are not my views, but they were those of one or two good citizens who were disinterested enough to meddle with matters that did not concern them, for the purpose, as they expressed it, of finding out what was what. These citizens laid their heads together; they whispered. Like a drop of oil on a flooring, the notion began to spread that it behoved the cautious to look closely after the Curé Tricoche; and one evening the Vicar of Ste Rosemonde—"that fox in sheep's clothing, that disciple of Loyola, whose ways were dark and tiger-like"—was made the subject of a solemn and formal denunciation at the "Club Démocratique et Social des Fils de Brutus," the Citizen Christophe Bilia in the tribune.

He was a great man, this Citizen Bilia, and a fervid patriot, who howled and raved and made the rafters shake whenever he talked about tyranny. No one knew much respecting his antecedents. Some said they had met him in ministerial ante-chambers, begging favours under the Second Empire. But this was evidently a lie—a scurrilous insult against the Sovereign People—a venomous calumny which the Citizen Bilia cast back into the teeth of his traducers with the utmost loathing and contempt. The only thing known for certain about M. Bilia was that on the 4th of September, seeing posts of dignity and profit scattered about broadcast, but himself forgotten in the distribution, he had arrived at the conclusion that the word Republic would cease to have any sense if it did not mean that every citizen was at liberty to choose the post that suited him best, and to fix his own salary out of the public purse. In consequence, he had gone quietly and installed himself in a Government office—pay, 20,000 francs—hung his hat on a peg, called for refreshments, and, in a word,

comported himself so much as if he had been in place all his life, that the new chief of the department supposed he had got an appointment duly signed and sealed in his pocket, and only discovered his mistake something like a fortnight afterwards. Perhaps even then M. Bilia might have succeeded in retaining his post had his work been sufficient and his accounts correct—for at best it is rather a delicate business for a Republican who has helped himself to a bunch of seals to turn out another Republican who has only helped himself to a First-Secretaryship. But unfortunately M. Bilia objected to work, and his accounts were not correct. He was expostulated with. He yelled. It was pointed out to him civilly that two and four made six and not three in most addition sums. He proclaimed his conviction that the Government was rotten, vowed that he would be no party to reactionary machinations, and indignantly threw down his resignation—an act of magnanimity which, however, cost him nothing; for the National Guard elections happening to be then afoot, a battalion of brother patriots hastened to mark their sense of the indignity the Citizen M. Bilia had suffered by electing him to be their chief. In this capacity he was qualified to wear embroidered clothing, to drag a steel scabbard with a sword inside it wherever he went, and even to fight the Prussians if ever he found leisure and inclination for that purpose—which, be it remarked, he seldom did, being probably otherwise engaged. Such was the gentleman who scaled the tribune on public grounds to tell "the Sons of Brutus" what his opinion was concerning M. Tricoche.

The meeting was stormy that night—in fact, it was every night stormy. The "Sons of Brutus" was one of those numerous and enjoyable clubs where, the theatre being closed, the besieged population resorted to divert itself a little of an evening. The subjects for debate were varied. If a Son of Brutus was dunned by his shoemaker he came here and held up that black-hearted oppressor to contumely. If two Republicans fell out and kicked one another, it was odds but they both came here in the course of the sitting and exchanged flavoured epithets tending to show that each was in the pay of Count von Bismarck. Political questions were also discussed: the Government was declared felon, idiot, and corrupt, thirty or thirty-one nights a month, as the case might be, and the evening was generally terminated by the hooting down and un-

ceremonious bundling out of some orator who had expressed sentiments at variance with those of the majority. This was the usual programme; but what the "Sons of Brutus" loved above all things was to give up a sitting exclusively to the compilation of a list of "traitors" (selected from the public men of the day — ministers, generals, liberal journalists, &c.), with a view to dealing summarily with them on the day when they, "the Sons of Brutus," got into office. It was naturally one of these "traitor" nights that M. Bilia selected for the remarks he wished to utter about the Curé de Ste. Rosemonde.

Seven o'clock had struck. The concert-room in which the "Sons of Brutus" held their sittings was crammed tight-full as usual, the predominant element being blousy — that is, clad in blouses — though there were women present, and here and there — *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* — a black coat or two, objects of suspicion and mistrustful glances. Custom demanded that the meeting should every evening elect its board, the chair being occupied during that formality by the president chosen the night before. A board consists of an honorary president (often defunct but illustrious), an effective president, two assessors, and a secretary. The preceding night the Citizen Joshua, "slayer of five-and-thirty kings," had been elected to the honorary chairmanship amidst uproarious cheering. This evening an emaciated citizen, with long finger-nails, rose from one of the back benches and, in a shrill treble, moved — "That the Greek citizen Aristogiton be voted into the chair."

A citizen with a red beard, springing up furiously. — "Citizens, I protest. How does that man dare to move that a Greek aristocrat named Giton shall be voted into the chair at a meeting of Republicans? Down with all *aristos*, say I." (Vehement applause. Looks of indignation at the emaciated citizen. Cries of "Turn him out.")

The Citizen Maclou (in the chair). — "Citizen, I call upon you to explain what you mean by insulting this Republican assembly."

The Emaciated Citizen. — "Citizen President, there is a mistake. The man who interrupted me is an idiot. Aristogiton is the name of a Greek *sans-culotte*, who slew the last of the Pisistratids, race of despots and vampires like the Bonapartes. Aristogiton restored the Republic." (Murmurs of incredulity; faint applause.)

A Citizen with a basket to a *Citizen with a bottle*. — "That chap knows too much! I

shouldn't be surprised if he were a *mouchard*."

The Citizen with the bottle to the Citizen with the basket. — "I don't like the look of him. And why does he come talking to us about a Greek President — as if Frenchmen weren't good enough for the post."

The Citizen with the red beard. — "That man calls me an idiot! I expect he's some thief, if not worse. Anyhow, he's a liar! He says the Aristo Giton restored the Republic. I don't believe it. I say that an aristo never restored anything to anybody — never." (Great cheering. Cries to the emaciated citizen, who vociferates something: "Hold your row." "Put your head in a bag.") Citizens, I am not afraid of that man; if he comes here to the front I'll thrash him in two minutes. Don't have anything to do with his candidate. Here's another that'll do better: he's a Latin citizen whose name I read in the paper, the Citizen Germanicus, who licked the Germans, and was a thorough-going radical." (Acclamations. Prolonged applause. The Citizen Germanicus is elected honorary president. The emaciated citizen continuing to vociferate, is seized by the legs and arms and ejected with ignominy.)

The election of the Acting Board then ensues. The Citizen Maclou, who has hinted that he has no intention of moving, is confirmed in his place, and his assessors with him. A citizen who has imprudently confided to somebody that he is a writing-master, is forced into the secretary's seat. He objects that he must go at ten, being on duty that night as a National Guardsman on the ramparts; but the remonstrance only has the effect of bringing a couple of citizens to keep an eye on him, to the right and left, and prevent his bolting.

The President Maclou. — "Citizens, we who has general observations to make, get shall proceed this evening with our list of traitors, but before that let any citizen up and make them."

A Citizen with a squint stands up and declares that he withdraws his esteem from the Citizen Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs. (Hear, hear.) Not that he ever expected much from a citizen who has interviews with Bismarck (groans) and signs himself in writing the "obedient servant" of that ruffian (renewed groans), but he had never gauged the full measure of the Citizen Favre's unworthiness until that morning. Having a communication of importance to make to the Government, he had called at Favre's residence, and been kept waiting an hour in the ante-room,

at the end of which time a menial with a white cravat round his throat, badge of slavery, had come and informed him that if he wished to see the Minister he must apply in writing for an audience. It was evident that the Citizen Favre was endeavouring to re-implant in a free land the degrading formalities existing in countries governed by tyrants. He moved that the Citizen Favre be set up in the pillory of public opinion, be pronounced traitor and outlaw, and that all true patriots be enjoined to refuse him obedience. (General marks of assent. Applause.)

A Citizen slightly drunk thinks poorly of the Citizen Ernest Picard, Minister of Finances. He too—the citizen slightly drunk—had a communication of importance to make to the Government. He had invented a new shell, which was one of the most murderous ever fabricated, and would very soon get rid of the Prussians. Here it was, he had a model of it in his pocket. If he dropped this shell on the floor everybody in the room would be blown away to atoms. (Sensation.) Ay, and it would be precious difficult to find the bits, he could tell them that. (Renewed sensation.) Well, he had applied to the Citizen Picard for a subsidy to help him push his invention, and Picard had declined to lend him a centime. What business had the Citizen Picard to give himself these airs. Did he think the purse of the nation was his? Who filled those money-bags which he guarded like the dog in the manger? It was not the Citizen Picard himself, I fancy (hear, hear). No, it was the people, with the sweat of their brow; and this conduct of the Minister of Finance was but part and parcel of the old system followed by all governments, of keeping the working-man out of what justly belonged to him. He moved that the Citizen Picard be summoned to tender his resignation without delay. (Hear, hear. Applause. The citizen retires with his shell to a front bench, which is expeditiously vacated by its occupants, who install themselves at a prudent distance.)

Three Citizens rise together and inveigh—the first, at a grocer of the Rue St. Denis, who has refused to let him take away sixteen pounds of bacon on credit, as if his word wasn't as good as those of the aristocrats whom the same grocer trusted to any extent they pleased. (Hear, hear.) The second at his landlord, who has given him notice to quit when the siege is over, on the pretext that though he, the citizen, is earning four francs a day, he has declined to pay his rent ever since

the beginning of the war, and stated his intention of not disbursing the arrears even when the peace is signed* (great cheering). And the third, at the Citizen Arago, Mayor of Paris, who, having been repeatedly memorialized to change the names of streets which recall the brutalizing superstitions of past ages,—notably the names of saints and priests—has signified his peremptory refusal. He, the third citizen, lives in the Rue St. Onge, and feels degraded at having to give such an address to his friends. He does not see why his self-respect should be obliterated to please the Citizen Arago. (Cheers and expressions of sympathy.)

A Citizen in a black coat.—“Perhaps I can appease the citizen's susceptibilities. The name of the street is not *Saint Onge*, but *Saintonge*—one word only. *Saintonge* is the name of an old French province.” (Interruption. Murmurs. Cries of “Order!”)

The Third Citizen.—“If the citizen in the black coat has come here with the intention of humiliating the people, I may tell him that he and his manoeuvres excite only disgust and contempt.” (Loud cheers. Cries of “Turn him out!”)

The Citizen with the basket to the Citizen with the bottle.—“He looks like a Jesuit in disguise.”

The Citizen with the bottle to the Citizen with the basket.—“Yes, I know those Jesuits. My wife used to go and confess herself to one of them, and” —(he proceeds with developments.)

The President Maclou.—“I close the incident. These interruptions are offensive. I beg to tell the Citizen in the black coat, and all like him, that this is a club of equality, and that those who have the pretension of knowing more than their neighbours had better remain outside.” (Cordial and unanimous applause.) “And now to business. We shall proceed with our roll of those who, by reason of their conduct, public or private, deserve to be placed on the people's list of felons and traitors, there to be pointed at with the finger of scorn and universally execrated, until the day of expiation shall arrive, and the Democratical, Social, Communistic Republic shall have justice meted out to them. There are several orators inscribed. I call upon the Citizen Faggeaux to make himself heard.”

* It will be remembered that persons paying less than 600 francs rent were absolved by Government decrees from all obligations towards their landlords so long as the war lasted.

Cries from all parts of the hall. — "Citizen Faggeaux to the tribune!"

A Female Citizen with vigorous lungs. — "Faggeaux has sent me here to say he can't come. Those dogs of policemen are looking after him because he knocked down a colonel of infantry who insulted him this morning. I'm Faggeaux's maid; that's why he sent me." (Cheers. Expressions of sympathy for the Citizen Faggeaux.)

The President Maclou. — "This meeting, by the mouth of its president, conveys its regrets and condolence to the Citizen Faggeaux, who has courageously buffeted prætorianism. The next name on the list is that of the Citizen Crappole."

A Citizen with a black eye. — "I'm Crappole's brother. Crappole is in the Mobile, and just because, being on guard at the outposts yesterday, he ran back into Paris to fetch his pocket-handkerchief, which he had forgotten, his captain has punished him with a fortnight's *salle de police*, and even threatened to have him up before a court-martial." (Murmurs of indignation.) "Ah! I know what it is. Those aristocrats would like to get Crappole killed because he's a Republican. This is the second time they've sent him to the outposts, but he knows their game as well as I do, and he's not going to let himself be killed to amuse them." (Loud cheers. Cries of "Quite right!")

The President Maclou. — "Such being the case, I call upon the citizen Christophe Bilia, who comes third on the list, to stand up and speak." (Applause. Attention.)

The Citizen Bilia, in the uniform of *chef-de-bataillon*, and girded with an imposing scarlet sash. — "Citizens, I am a plain man, and whenever I've got anything to say, I say it. There are, no doubt, some *mouchards* in this assembly, for the occult agents of despotism are a vermin who swarm everywhere; but I don't care for them, not I, and I'm glad that they should be present, in order to learn that if the Republic one and indivisible sends forth its sons to combat the foreign foe, it also takes care to keep its eye upon those more dangerous vipers who lurk in its own bosom — those sinister hirelings of de-throned tyrants who are allowed to herd together and conspire within our very walls — those white-livered renegades who, under the name of Republicans, govern our affairs, and plot secretly to betray us into the hands of Bismarck; and, worse than all, those hypocrite myrmidons of the Pope of Rome, who, whilst pretending to give us their prayers, fatten upon our

alms, and in their heart of hearts pray for the day when the crowned savage of Germany shall enter our city with his barbarian hordes, crush our new-born Republic under his horses' hoofs, and bring us back in his train some king or emperor, even as the Demon of Death, when he scours the plain, brings a troop of carrion vultures after him." (Thundering applause. Excitement.) "Citizens, it gives me pleasure to see that our list of traitors is swelling. There are at present two thousand three hundred and ninety-seven names upon it, the last being that of the Citizen Trochu, for whom, as you rightly declared in your vote of last Tuesday, the vocabulary of known languages contains no epithets sufficiently stigmatizing. To-day I propose to add another name to the roll; it will form a fitting pendant to that of Trochu — for what tallies better with a Puritan despot than a canting bigot? what matches more suitably with a psalm-singing, freedom-oppressing, Prussian-fearing general, than a smooth-visaged, tortuous-minded priest, who bears candour on his face and turpitude in his soul, words of patriotism on his lips, and thoughts of treachery, rapine, and villainy in his ignoble heart? Citizens, I denounce to public indignation the Abbé Tricoche, Curé of Rosemonde." (Three rounds of applause.) "You all of you know that flaunting church, that gilded charnel-house, where the tainted creatures of the Second Empire paraded their ribbons and jewels, as the lepers of the East exposed their sores in the porches of the temples. Why was it not swept away with the Empire that produced it? Why was it not razed to the ground, and a gibbet-board set up in its place, saying, '*This is the spot where Religion made herself the handmaid of Cæsarism, fawned to it, licked the mire off its feet, and threw the cloak of priestly absolution over its crimes?*'" (Great cheering. Growing excitement.) "Citizens, I passed by that church this morning; I entered it, and what did I see? The place had been transformed into a hospital for the wounded; there were beds in it, stoves to warm it, a display of bandages and medicine-bottles — all the apparel, in short, of decent charity. But when I turned to see whose were the hands that administered these things, judge of the feelings that welled up within me when I perceived a part of that brazen crew who but a few months since used this same church for their vanity-airing ground. Going from bed to bed, with eyes turned heavenwards, the Citizen Tricoche; in a corner, mixing a

potion, the Countess of something or other, who not a year ago set all the scandal-papers mad with her eccentric disguises at the Court masked balls, and who now, to keep up her masquerading traditions, had travestied herself as a Sister of Mercy; and in the midst of this scene, strutting about with astonishing effrontery in a private soldier's uniform, a pomaded coxcomb with a glass in his eye, an ex-dandy of the Bois de Boulogne — a son of a Bonapartist outlaw, the Minister Robache!" (Considerable sensation. Explosion of murmurs. Cries of, "To the *lanterne* with them.") "Citizens, it is time that the comedy should cease. Since when do ghouls gloat thus openly over their work in the broad light of day? Are we children that we should be deluded by these pitiful farces? Shall the sanctimonious grimaces of a priest, the stagey ministrations of a patchouli-scented countess, the affected uniform of an impudent fop, make us forget that it is these people — this priest, countess, and fop — who have helped let loose the hell-hounds of War on us, and that were they to pass twelve hours of their day in bathing wounds, and the other twelve in rolling their heads in the dust, they could not stanch a hundred thousandth part of the blood they have caused to flow, nor dry a single one of the tears that have been shed through their wanton doings?" (An ominous thrill through the hall. The eyes of certain citizens begin to gleam. Fists are clenched.) "Heigh, citizens, we are not women, I think. These people are braving us. Are you the men to stand that court lacqueys shall thus flourish their buffoon antics in the face of your grief; or can I rely upon a hundred resolute patriots to accompany me to-morrow, and call these menials out of livery to their senses? We will tell that countess to begone where she pleases — to some land where the carnival still continues, to Rome, or to Monaco, or, if she likes it better, to London, where the rest of the clique are; the balloons will take her. Young Robache, he shall go to the outposts: perhaps some bullet will do him the honour to touch him, though steel and lead which make war on soldiers, mostly disdain to harm curs of his breed. As for the hoary old priest, his presence is a scandal; let him be turned out of the church his abject servility has polluted. Let him run away; there are garrets enough where he can hide his shame until the siege is over; and if he refuses to go — why, let the consequences be on his own head: he will not be the first priest whom patriots have had the courage to put out

of the way when the interests of public morality and decency demanded it. Tell me, are there a hundred fearless men among you I can rely on?" (Immense howling. Three or four hundred dusky fists are brandished aloft, whilst yells of, "To the gibbet the priests," "To the scaffold the aristocrats," make the club-room ring again.)

A Citizen dressed as a National Guardsman, springing up suddenly, pale but determined. — "Citizens . . . Citizens — one word. I am unknown to most of you, but I am a working-man like yourselves, and in the name of that freedom which you claim as a right, I stand up to protest — to protest with all my might against the speech you have just heard." (Exclamations. Stupefaction.) "Yes, let me speak. So long as the Citizen Bilia confined himself to mere word-attacks on the Government I kept silent, although, let me say, that for one who is himself an officer, to revile his military superior as the Commandant Bilia did General Trochu seems to me an example of indiscipline one cannot too strongly deplore. But I should have paid less attention to that had it not been for the latter part of the Citizen Bilia's speech. Citizens, I adjure you, let us have no factions in the presence of the enemy. We all at this moment stand with one foot in the grave. Listen." (Deep silence. The faint boom of a cannon resounds in the distance.) "By that sound, citizens, which may be the death-knell of brothers of ours, I entreat you, I implore you, let us remain united. There can be no hostility between Bonapartist and Republican to-day, when both to-morrow may be lying side by side under the same sod. There cannot — there must not be hatred between hearts in which throbs one common love of our afflicted country — one common hope for her triumph, her regeneration. Let us forget the past — it is behind us; let us link our hands, our arms, our strength, our prayers, and look to the future. If there be hypocrites or traitors in our midst, Heaven help them! but do not let us accept the thought, for the shame of treachery in such hours as these recoils, not on one head alone, but on a whole community. Rather let us give every man credit for such patriotism as he may claim, and if we see around us women, priests, and young men, whom we have known frivolous in days gone by, let us gladly and proudly note any change we may observe in them, taking it as an earnest that our poor France is not the demoralized nation which her enemies pretend, but that

her children can still, in the hour of need, cast aside their foibles and devote their best, purest energies to her service. Citizens, it is not a Bonapartist, an Orleanist, or a Legitimist, who is now addressing you, but a Republican. And not a Republican of yesterday, but one who has lived all his life in the same faith, who has constantly held by the device, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' but who has thought, and still thinks, that the noblest of these three words is Fraternity." (Conflicting manifestations. A few cheers. Predominant cry of, "No, no. Sit down." "No milk-and-water Republican!")

The Citizen Bilia.— "Citizens, I denounce that man as a traitor and an enemy to his country. His sentiments might pass muster in a nun's conventicle, but uttered before an assembly of free men, who are not to be duped by child's play—they are a mockery and an insult." (Loud cheers.) "There can be no forgiveness for the men of the past; between us and them it is a war to the knife." (Renewed and prolonged cheering.) "The citizen throws the word fraternity in our teeth, well knowing that under present circumstances the mere mention of such a name is a vision. Fraternity! where was it on the night of the 2nd December '51? Did those men think of fraternity when they pressed the working-man's throat under their foot, and poured out his blood into the gutter? Fraternity! were they softened by the word when they saw our brothers rotting in the pontoons of Cayenne, and dying like dogs in the casemates of Lambessa? Citizens, there can be no fraternity between men and wolves. The fraternity shall be between us who have old scores to pay off, and if we ever consent to draw a sponge over the past, it will only be on that day when our debt shall have been discharged drop for drop, and tooth for tooth—when we shall have made the rich disgorge the wealth they have plundered—when we shall have wrested from them the liberties they have robbed and the privileges they have confiscated. Citizens, it will be time enough to talk of fraternity when equality exists, and there are no more task-masters; when we shall no longer see men feasting in gilded palaces whilst their brothers die of hunger in garrets." (Cheers. Howls, gnashing of teeth, and shaking of fists. Enthusiastic ovation to the Citizen Bilia. The *National Guardsman* utters some words inaudible in the tumult. A *Citizen*, with a clay pipe, smites him on the cheek, whereupon a scuffle ensues, in which the gentleman who struck the first blow

does not get the best of it. Some other citizens, partisans of equality, at once intervene, and place matters on a fairer footing by setting upon the *National Guardsman* ten or twelve to one. They pinion him, roll him over, pull his coat to pieces, and bundle him out into the street. Great cheering.)

The Citizen Maclou.— "Nobody can pretend that the fullest liberty of discussion is not allowed here; but when persons come with the evident intention of railing at the sufferings of the people, they must be prepared for the consequences." (Unanimous assent.)

The sitting soon after breaks up. The Citizen Bilia rises to go, and is followed by nine-tenths of the audience, who accompany him with flattering demonstrations, patting him on the back and cheering him lustily. It is arranged that there shall be a rendezvous of the "Sons of Brutus" on the morrow to pay a visit to the Citizen Tricoche, and have an hour's quiet talk with him. The time of the meet is, however, kept a secret—it is always well to be cautious. At the door, going out:—

The Citizen with the basket to the Citizen with the bottle.— "That man in the National Guard's uniform was undoubtedly an agent of Bismarck's."

The Citizen with the bottle to the Citizen with the basket.— "I am sure of it. That Prussian has spies everywhere. I never go to sleep without first looking under my bed, and yesterday I saw a pair of boots peeping out. The boots were mine, you know, but you can understand what a start it gave me at first. I assure you, if I hadn't had this bottle . . ." (Exeunt fraternally, making one another's flesh creep.)

III.

I HAPPENED to be present at this meeting of the "Sons of Brutus" which I have just described. I attended there in a journalistic capacity; but, as our craft is not adored by the gentlemen of the popular clubs, I generally concealed my identity under a National Guard képi, ensconced myself in the most retired nook of the gallery, and, during the prevalence of hostilities between rival factions, maintained that dignified non-intervention attitude which my well-beloved country has set in fashion. Walking home, however, through the moonlit streets, it occurred to me that I should perhaps do well to reflect on what step it behoved me to take now in the face of the avowed intention of the "Sons of Brutus" to make an armed incursion

on the domain of M. Tricoche. To be sure, had I wished to model my conduct strictly on that of my well-beloved country aforesaid, I need not have meditated long. All I had to do was to take a sheet of paper, and write a feeling despatch to the Citizen Bilia, reminding him that this was the nineteenth century, that we were in a civilized age, that it was, perhaps, a pity to molest one's neighbour; but that, anyhow, if he thought otherwise, and persisted in assaulting the Curé Tricoche, plundering his church, and finally hanging him to a lamp-post, he might count upon my strictest neutrality. This done, I should have folded my arms, and taken heaven to witness that, if bloodshed ensued, it was no fault of mine. By-and-by, when M. Tricoche was hanged, the church gutted, and the Citizen Bilia loaded with spoil, I might have reappeared on the scene in the character of mediator, made some more allusions to the nineteenth century, payed some new compliments to modern civilization, and proposed to M. Bilia to surrender part of his lootings. On his refusal, I should have begged him to believe that my esteem for him remained unaltered, and expressed the hope that the amicable relations subsisting between us would continue serene till the end of time.

Somehow, I could not help thinking that, however elevated and spirited this kind of policy might be in the case of nations, it had its inconveniences as between man and man. And the main inconvenience was, that it would not have saved M. Tricoche. So I preferred doing what, in diplomatic language, is called "casting about for alliances." In other words, I went to the police-station.

"Ah!" said the "Guardian of the Peace" to whom I unfold, my tale, "I see what it is: they're going to be at their old tricks again. That Bilia is a bad 'un!"

He was a smug policeman, shaved all but his whiskers, and his manners were calm, serious, and pensive. He was one of that new brigade of police formed by the Prefect, M. de Kératry, who had laid a ruthless hand on the sergents-de-ville of the Second Empire, suppressing their moustaches, their cocked hats, and even their title.

"Yes," I answered, glad to find him so impressionable, "I am inclined to agree with you about the Citizen Bilia."

"Humph!" he proceeded, shaking his head. "I know their games. They get all together, under pretence of politics and such like, and when they've speechified a

bit, they break the windows and they rob. It's always the same story."

"Then, I conclude, you see the necessity of taking prompt measures to repress this attempt."

"Yes," said he. "I'll just send one of my men round to this Bilia, and talk to him a bit. If that won't do, I'll ask you to be good enough to let me know if anything happens to-morrow — if they do any mischief, I mean — then, I'll see if we can't manage to catch a few of them; but not this Bilia — he'd give us too much trouble."

Evidently this worthy man had mistaken his vocation. Nature had intended him for an English cabinet-minister. I departed, heaving something like a sigh of regret over those not very distant times when half-a-dozen words to the police would have been enough to ensure the Citizen Bilia's being arrested in his bed, conveyed under escort to Mazas, and lodged there at Government expense until he had had time to cool. It is true that now we were in the enjoyment of Republican institutions, which means that it was no longer lawful to arrest a criminal until he had actually committed that which he was bent upon, and not quite prudent to do it even then if he were, like the Citizen Bilia, a man holding repute among the people. You see, there are shades of opinion in these things, which it is well to comprehend. To plunder in the name of hunger, want, and cold is undoubtedly a crime; but to do the same thing in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity is mistaken zeal — nothing more.

So, having failed in my first negotiation for allies, I addressed myself elsewhere. I sought out an acquaintance, a colonel of Breton Mobiles, whose sympathy for Republicans was small, and who had never, that I am aware, heard talk of non-intervention. This time my errand was not bootless. The colonel stroked his moustache significantly, despatched an estafette to the War Office to ask for powers, and in less than two hours, having *carte blanche* in his pocket, gave his orders for a march out at daybreak. The next morning, on arriving before the church of Ste. Rosemonde, I found my friend quietly picketed in the vicinity with his eight hundred men, and waiting for events.

I should have had some difficulty in knowing Ste. Rosemonde's again but for these Mobiles. At the first rumour of a probable siege and bombardment, the distinguished architect of the building,

seized with terror at the thought of his master-work being chipped, and possibly, too, struck with some misgiving as to the resisting power of the edifice in case it should have any but very undersized shells to encounter, had applied to the Government for I forget how many hundred sacks of earth, a request which had been graciously acceded to. These sacks had been used to pad the walls and roof, and the church looked uncommonly as though it were being treated for influenza. On the belfry, besacked out of all shape, a white flag, with the now familiar red cross, fluttered lazily in the breeze; and on the church door, surmounted also with a red cross, one could read this announcement: "Ambulance of Ste. Rosemonde. 150 beds. By permission of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, this church will be used during the siege as a military ambulance. Divine service will be celebrated every day in the Sacristy, temporarily converted into a chapel."

Thus the Citizen Bilia had not erred, and the once fashionable Ste. Rosemonde's had truly become a hospital. There was a pasted notice inside the vestibule praying visitors to walk softly and to speak low; the alms-box formerly labelled, "Pour les Pauvres," bore the inscription: "Pour les Blessés." When one pushed the inner folding-doors, it was no longer to step into an atmosphere of music, incense, and radiant vestments; but the same sad, quiet scene met the gaze as is to be witnessed wherever the sick are congregated — long, tranquil rows of white beds lit up in this instance by the few rays struggling faintly through the half-barricaded windows and by two tapers burning perpetually over the altar. Two lateral chapels, which in days gone by had blazed with light, flowers, and votive offerings, had been appropriated, the one to a pharmacy, the other to a linen-room; and instead of the gilded *Suisse* and silver-stick vergers, one or two Sisters of Mercy glided about noiselessly between the beds, carrying soothing potions, lint, and bandages under the direction of a grey man in list slippers (the military surgeon). A life-size figure of the Saviour on the Cross, mournfully yet fitly completed this picture of human suffering and seemed to sanctify it.

Yes, the Citizen Bilia had spoken correctly; yet there was one thing he had forgotten to add, probably deeming it immaterial, and that was the names of the persons who had first founded and were now supporting the ambulance of Ste. Rosemonde at a cost of something like six

thousand francs a week. They were not many, only three, but, oddly enough, they were the very M. Tricoche, whom M. Bilia proposed to turn out; Mme. la Comtesse de Verveine, whom he thought of despatching to Monaco per balloon to join in the carnival; and M. Robache, the young gentleman who wore an eyeglass, and also, M. Bilia might have mentioned, his arm in a sling, having been wounded at the battle of Châtillon, at which few of the "Sons of Brutus," it was reported, had thought it necessary to appear.

These three persons were the sole relict of the congregation of Ste. Rosemonde: everybody else had fled — they only remained: and when I say that they remained, I should be speaking more truly if I said that what remained of them was the ghost of their former selves. Yes, only the ghost, for these were certainly not the people I had known before. What was there in common, for instance, between the Countess of Verveine of last summer, the young, high-born, lovely, courted millionaire widow, who was looked up to — worshipped would be the better word — as one of the queens of *ton*, and this pale, large-eyed young woman in the Sister of Mercy's dress who was patiently mending a bullet-hole in a tunie belonging to a wounded soldier? And young Robache, what had come over him? The last time I had seen him was at Longchamps at the running for the Grand Prize in June. Blooming in a white waistcoat, straw-coloured gloves, moss-rose bud, and inseparable eyeglass, he had driven down on his drag the shiniest turn-out of the field, betted heavily on Sornette, the French horse, and on seeing the object of his predilections pass the post first, danced a hornpipe *coram populo*, shaken everybody by the hand, and told me twenty times in five minutes that Waterloo was now at length avenged, since the British steed had been defeated. What relation was this young madcap to the curiously gaunt individual I saw before me now, his head cropped close as a convict's, his private's uniform all too large for him, and his left arm closely bound to his chest by a combination of straps and bandages? As for M. Tricoche, he had aged five years between the 8th of May and the 4th of September: and between the 4th of September and my present visit it seemed to me that he had aged five years more. The only point in which there was no perceptible alteration in any of the three was in their natural serenity. They were thin, half-starved, fatigued, but for all that the

national characteristics asserted their sway and they were cheerful. I even doubt if they ever took a deeper interest in any of their past occupations than in those to which they were devoting themselves at the moment when I entered.

They sat round a deal table outside the extemporized pharmacy. Young Robache, whose wound allowed of his making himself useful, in so far as one hand went, was holding one end of a piece of linen between his teeth, the other end being fastened to the table's edge, and was gravely scraping lint with a knife. The Curé, with a heap of letters on one side of him, large sheets of postage-stamps on the other, was franking missives he had written by request of wounded soldiers to their relatives, correspondence destined for the provinces, and to be forwarded by the next balloon. Mme. de Verveine, as I have said, was all absorbed in her needlework, and on a chair beside her towered a pile of other tunics and jackets waiting to be attended to when that which she had in hand was finished. She looked up, however, as I advanced, walking on tiptoe so as not to wake anybody. I bowed to her, she smiled with her usual grace, and said in a hushed voice :

"Colonel de Kerhoel has been here this morning. He says you sent him here to protect us. Do you know we were rather alarmed at first, not for us, but for our patients? Do you think there is any real danger?"

"Not now, certainly, thanks to Colonel de Kerhoel; but I should have been sorry to receive the visit of these gentlemen without him."

"Why, what can they want?" asked the Curé simply.

"Want, Monsieur le Curé?" echoed the surgeon, joining us and laughing quietly. "Why, what those gentlemen have wanted ever since I have had the pleasure of knowing them — and our acquaintance dates from the Revolution of 1848 — I never knew them desire but two things: Do no work, and pay themselves out of the pockets of other people for doing it."

"Perhaps they are hungry, and that would excuse a great deal of desperation," rejoined the Countess, gently. "I assure you it quite makes my heart bleed to read of the prices of things in the papers. See here what the *Journal des Débats* says: 'Butter, 80 francs the pound; fowls, 40 francs the pair; a cabbage, 3 francs; eggs, 90 centimes apiece.' What the poor are to do I cannot think."

"Yes, I saw a poor woman yesterday, a

small tradesman's wife, trying to get a cup of milk for her child, who was ill," remarked the Curé, gloomily. "There was not a drop to be had in the quarter — at least not for the price she could afford."

"So you went and bought it for her," added the surgeon, concluding the sentence which the worthy Curé would certainly have left unfinished. "Yes, no doubt the poor are to be pitied, but the poor at this moment are not those whom Mme. la Comtesse supposes. Those who before the siege called themselves the 'working-men' are as well off now as they have ever been in their lives, in fact a great deal better off. They have no rent to pay, they are absolved from all their debts till the end of the war, they have warm clothes given them gratis, and they receive 30 sous a day, with fifteen added if they be married men. But this is not all. Thanks to the municipal canteens, which the Government has instituted, they live almost for nothing. Their dinners are sumptuous beside yours, Madame, who refuse to eat anything better than what they give the soldiers, and yours, M. le Curé, who live on bread and horse. For eight sous they are entitled to a large bowl of soup, their ration of cooked meat, a plate of beans or potatoes, half-a-pound of bread, and half a litre of wine, and they may go and take two meals of this sort a day. So you see, those who are suffering from hunger, and are likely to die of the complaint if the siege lasts much longer, are not the 'down-trodden proletaries,' as these gentlemen love to call themselves. No, those who are hungry now, who have changed places with the beggars, are the unfortunate petty bourgeois, the small tradesmen, the ten thousand subaltern *employés* who in peace-time had to keep up a rag of respectability, and who at present must choose between paying for their cabbages three francs apiece, or going without cabbages and living on that mouthful of horse which the Government allows. A good many of these poor devils have become very scarecrows. I saw one of them last week — they told me he was a railway clerk — go and take up his post outside one of the municipal canteens, along with his *queue*, waiting for the distribution. He probably thought that, being starving, he had as much right to some soup as any other citizen. But you should have seen the storm his coming excited. He was recognized by a neighbour, and set upon by the whole concourse, tooth and nail, beak and claw. What! a man who used to have three thousand francs a year beg

for soup! An 'aristocrat' come and snatch the bread out of the People's mouth! In less than a twinkling he was felled into the gutter, his jug kicked out of his hand, his vile aristocratic body pummelled into a jelly, and it was lucky for him that the canteen doors were opened just at this juncture, else I doubt if he would have remained in a position ever to feel hungry again. Ah, they are pleasant gentlemen, these down-trodden proletaries, when you take the muzzle off them."

"Dear me, dear me, this is all very dreadful," said the Countess, "but if these men are not hungry what can they want with us? I suppose it is some of these terrible politics again," added she, with a sigh.

"Humph! politics! I would willingly give a hundred-franc note to any 'Son of Brutus' who explained to me what he understood by that word, and another hundred if he told me frankly what his ideal of a good government was," answered the surgeon, sceptically. "They have got a Republic now, and they are conscientiously doing their utmost to upset it; if they ever install themselves in its place under the name of double-dyed or treble-dyed Republic, you may depend upon their clutching each other by the throat, even as they have done on every former occasion, when it has pleased Providence to give them their turn at the helm. As for what they say about the Bonapartists bringing on this war, you know what my opinion is respecting that, Madame, and so do you, M. le Curé."

"Yes, yes, my dear doctor, I know you are indulgent," answered the Curé, sighing.

"Not indulgent, but just," answered the surgeon, plainly. "If I thought that this war was due to any particular party, I should say so; but my conviction is, that it was a fatality in which we all had a hand, without exception. As an old soldier who has served under the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale, I have always been an Orleanist; but I, too, was a partisan of this war, so was every Frenchman worth his salt; and if a few held back, I own I cannot rid myself of the notion that politics had more to do with it than love of peace. Had the Government backed out of their war-scrape whilst it was yet time, I would have wagered a good deal that the Republican party-cry henceforth would have been that the Emperor was afraid to fight the Prussians.

"Well, well," rejoined the Curé, gravely, "let us be just to every man according to

his works. The Republicans acted rightly in opposing the war: I prefer to think that their motives were good."

I am unable to guess what reply, if any, the surgeon would have made, for whilst the Curé was speaking, a distant clamour, as of an adjoining crowd, reached our ears; and he had scarcely done, when one of the ambulance attendants ran in scared, and said, "There is an enormous mob of National Guards and workmen; they are carrying red flags, and shouting, '*A bas les Prêtres de Rosemonde!*' and they are coming down the street!"

IV.

It was quite true. There they were, an enormous mob, shaggy, turbulent, and in excellent spirits for mischief. The Citizen Bilia had originally projected a purely civilian demonstration, but those second thoughts which the proverb assures us are best had counselled him to admit his armed battalion of National Guards to a participation; and so they trooped behind him, five hundred strong, draggle-tailed, undisciplined, and singing patriotic songs, furiously out of tune, as became true R-republicans, averse to any sort of order or regulation. This, by the way, was the eleventh or twelfth "demonstration" in which the Citizen Bilia's battalion took part. It was always demonstrating, this valuable cohort of warriors. One day it was trudging processionally through the mud to crown a statue somewhere; another day it went in state to howl at the Government at the Hôtel-de-Ville; a third day it would go and sack somebody's house, for the greater glory of the good cause; and so on. Perhaps it will seem to certain minds that, considering the Prussians were knocking rather impertinently at the gates of Paris, the Citizen Bilia's battalion might have found a more useful field for its energies in endeavouring to induce the Prussians to go away. But to this I answer, that if every man did his duty, there would soon be nothing to complain of: not even war, for instance, which would be a pity, seeing how lucrative a trade it is becoming; nor revolutions, which would be a most painful blow to such gentlemen as the Citizen Bilia.

I think the Citizen Bilia had counted upon an agreeable morning's sport; and this will account for the singularly wry face he pulled when, upon debouching into the Place de Ste. Rosemonde, he found himself confronting, not an unguarded place of worship, but eight hundred sol-

diers, neatly drawn up in square, and armed with Chassepot rifles.

Colonel de Kerhoel had marshalled his men in such a way as to leave a clear road for any person or body of persons whose object was simply to pass by the church, but also in such a way as to oppose a simple, solid, thoroughly unengaging barrier to anybody who ruminated an attack. The experienced eye of Citizen Bilia took in all this at a glance. He was no fool; no more were his men, for they, too, seemed struck by the practical character of the arrangements. However, for the dignity of the thing they kept on advancing, neither did they in any marked degree abate their howlings. These howls were a trifle less enthusiastic, that was all; and when they were all opposite the church together, they halted. The two hosts then stood face to face.

One might well have drawn some moral from the contrast they offered. It was the contrast between those old irreconcileable enemies, Provincial France and the Capital. On one side these Bretons—a rough lot, dogged, ignorant, far from clean, and speaking no language but their own rude *patois*, sturdy churls, nevertheless Catholics to the core, believers in amulets, singers of wild, superstitions hymns, and devoted to their God, their priest, and their legitimate chief with a fidelity it would have been as impossible to shake as one of those rugged rocks by their own sea-shore. On the other hand, this mob of Parisians—dirty and ignorant as the countrymen, but believing in nothing and respecting nobody, ready with a grin and a lampoon for everything that was law, order, religion, or morality, and grinning behind the back even at that trumpety leader of theirs whom, in a moment's freak, they had set up to guide them, and with whom, whenever the fancy took them, they would break as unceremoniously as an ape does a nut.

The Parisians looked at the Bretons as bumptious townsmen look at peasants. The Bretons returned the glance as a bulldog eyes a cat—able to strangle him, and not reluctant to do it.

The mere exchange of glances was not of long duration, for Colonel de Kerhoel, in a peremptory but off-hand tone, gave the word of command: "Attention! Fix bayonets!"

The Citizen Bilia, not to be behindhand, instantly sang out, in a piercing falsetto, "ATTENTION! FIX BAYONETS!"

The next move was the Colonel's, who took out a cigar and lit it. The Citizen

Bilia felt in his pockets, but finding no cigar, did nothing, and there was a pause. But only for a minute. Impelled by the vociferations of the "Sons of Brutus," who, regarding the cigar as a token of pacific intentions, waxed noisy and sanguine anew, the Citizen Bilia stepped forward, and, in a voice which he meant to be haughtily defiant, but which quavered slightly in his throat, shouted: "Citizen Colonel, in the name of the Republic one and indivisible, we summon the Citizens Tricoche and Robache, and the Citoyenne Verveine, to appear before us."

"Monsieur le Commandant," answered the Colonel politely, "the persons you mention are unknown to me. I have the honour of being acquainted with Madame la Comtesse de Verveine, Monsieur l'Abbé Tricoche, curé of Ste. Rosemonde, and with Monsieur Robache; but they are at this moment engaged, and you will excuse me if I decline interrupting them for the sake of announcing your visit."

"Oh, là, là!" "Plus de Saints!" "A bas les aristocrates et les porteurs d'eau bénite!" "A Chaillot les Comtesses!" yelled the gentlemen in the background.

"Citizen Colonel," pursued the Commandant Bilia, making heroic efforts to surmount the lump which was rising in his gullet, "you hear the wishes of the people. I am their delegate. I call upon you to let me pass."

"I must trouble you to stand back," replied the Colonel simply.

"And if I refuse,—if I insist upon advancing?"

The Colonel quietly unsheathed his sword. "I shall cleave you in two like a carrot," said he.

But the precious blood of the Citizen Bilia was not destined to flow, for a hand was laid on the Colonel's arm, and Madame de Verveine, who had come out of the church with M. Tricoche, young Robache, the surgeon, and myself, interposed:—"You desire to see me, monsieur?" she said to M. Bilia.

The Citizen Commandant was not able immediately to answer, for the disagreeable menace of Colonel de Kerhoel had a little unsettled him. The fact is, he was not used to be talked to in this way. When he went "demonstrating" before the Government offices, things passed off quite differently. An official secretary, not unfrequently a Minister in person, came down to listen to his observations, and he was always assured that the Government would give his remarks their most attentive consideration, and every

disposition was shown not to ruffle his feelings or in any manner irritate him. He scarcely knew what to think of this new form of proceeding,—this promise to cleave him in two,—a threat which was the more offensive as there was not the slightest reason to suppose M. de Kerhoel would not put it into execution.

However, at the sight of Madame de Verveine, he rallied. He had doubtless heard that in the sphere in which Colonel de Kerhoel moved it was customary for male aristocrats to contain themselves before female aristocrats. So, feeling himself safe, he drew his sword, brandished it above his head, and darting glances of unquenchable fury, hollared:—“Who is it that threatens me? I dare you to do your worst! The people have resolved that the ambulances where our brothers are lying shall no longer be bullied by the persons of the Second Empire. We will have no more Jesuits, and no more he or she comedians . . .” (“*No, no,*” roared the gentlemen behind. “*No more Jesuits.*”)

“I assure you, you will not find any brother of yours yonder,” remarked the surgeon ironically. “All the men in that ambulance are soldiers; there is not a single ragamuffin amongst them.”

“Tush, tush!” pleaded worthy M. Tricoche. “I am sorry M. le Commandant, that our presence should be a source of annoyance to any one,” added he, with imperturbable gentleness. “It is but too true that I am one of those who, at the outset of this unlucky war, spoke otherwise than they ought to have done,—otherwise, I may add, than became my character as a priest; and I shall not think I have done enough even when I have devoted my entire fortune and the energies of my whole life to remedying some of the evils which I have helped to occasion. So if there is any particular form of expiation, Monsieur, which you wish to suggest to me in the name of public opinion, I will pray in all humility for grace to submit to it.”

“Excuse me one moment,” said young Robache, coming forward. “Before favouring us with his scheme of expiations, M. Bilia will perhaps do well to consider to what extent it will have to be put in practice by himself. How do you do, M. Bilia? I have never had the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance, but it has been given me to peruse a document of your composition; and as the byword says that the style marks the man, I should be almost justified in saying that we are acquainted.”

The Citizen Bilia turned sallow, and stared with evident uneasiness at the close-cropped youth whose eyeglass gleamed upon him with the disconcerting fixity of a policeman’s lantern.

“Yes, it was a letter sent to my father, then a Minister—a Minister of the Second Empire. Whilst he was in office he received a good many such epistles. I confess they were not characterized for the most part by excess of dignity, but one day he lit upon one which for flatness and servility exceeded anything he had ever fingered before, and he showed it me as a curiosity. The author states his wish to serve that poor Second Empire anyhow and anywhere, as a sub-prefect, a sub-receiver, a clerk of the préfecture de police, ‘in any capacity, in short, where he could prove his devotion towards that august dynasty whose coming had been as that of the blessed manna from heaven’—I remember the very words, they struck me as infinitely poetic. I am glad to perceive, M. le Commandant, that the rejection of this petition—which you will have no difficulty in recollecting was signed ‘Christophe Bilia’—has not prevented your making your way in another walk.”

“It’s a calumny!” gasped the Citizen Bilia, become livid: “a base, hireling calumny.” And the gentlemen in the background, beginning to wonder what the conversation could be about, caught at the cry, and shouted all together, with cordial waving of red flags and shaking of fists: “*Yes, yes, it’s a calumny; don’t believe them. A bas les calomniateurs!*”

“Well, well,” continued young Robache, “a short memory is no crime; but let us come to another subject, that of this War, which you are good enough to lay on our shoulders. On the 15th of July last—you see I am precise about my dates—I was driving down the Rue St. George towards seven in the evening. That day M. Thiers—you know M. Thiers?—had made a speech in the Corps Législatif in favour of peace, and a députation of the sovereign people were marking their grateful sense of the proceeding by putting some stones through his windows. There was one gentleman distinguishing himself particularly in this exercise. He was better dressed than the others, and appeared to be leading them; he moreover shouted, ‘*A Berlin! A mort les Allemands! A bas les pacifiques!*’ with a zeal that did him credit. Somehow, M. Bilia, I would stake my word of honour that this gentleman was yourself.”

The Citizen Bilia’s first impulse was ap-

parently to renew his protestations with redoubled scorn, but a better mode of tactics presented itself to his imagination. Drawing himself up to his full height, of five feet three or thereabouts, he hurled out the indignant cry of the fox who has set a trap and fallen into it himself: "Citizens," shrieked he, "we have got into an ambush. Let us have nothing to say to these people who lie in wait to slaughter Republicans. Citizen Colonel, I call all here present to witness that you have threatened my life, and that had I not been actuated by the most patriotic forbearance a conflict might have ensued between us. Citizens, let us withdraw. It shall not be said that whilst the enemy is at the gates we allowed ourselves to be provoked into civil strife. If these people wish to enter into rivalry with us they know where to find us. Let them follow us to the field of battle, and fight by our sides—if they dare." Hereupon he wheeled to the right about, put himself at the head of his men, gave the order to march, and strode off superbly. And his men followed as before, not a little impressed by his eloquence, and reflecting that, after all, it would have been absurd to attack these Bretons, who were a low herd, imbued with degrading prejudices, and who, besides, would have been just as likely as not to fire at them.

"Well, Madame," said the Colonel, sheathing his sword and smiling grimly, as the last "Son of Brutus" vanished, bawling with tremendous rage:—

"Tremblez, ennemis de la France—
Rois ivres de sang et d'orgueil;
La Peuple Souverain s'avance:
Tyrons, descendez au cercueil!"

"Well, Madame, all's well that ends well!"

"Heaven grant that it may all end well," answered she fervently, but with a sigh. "You cannot think," she added, mournfully, "what a sorrow it is to me that, at a time when we ought all to be united, there should be such enmities as these between fellow-countrymen. It is more cruel than the war itself."

The Colonel became suddenly grave.

"Ay," said he, bitterly, "and do you not think it rends my heart to pieces to think that the man I have just treated like a dog was a Frenchman? I could cry with shame at the thought. Yes, God knows how it will all end; but if you are beaten, my poor France, it is not the Krupp guns or the German generals that will have defeated you: your own children

have hurt you more than all your foes together."

v.

WHITHER the Citizen Bilia betook himself upon leaving the Ambulance Tricoche, and whether he ever put into execution his threat of proceeding to the battle-field, in order to shame those dastard Bretons who had lain in wait to slay a Republican, are points which I am not in a position to clear up. But I am inclined to think that the Citizen Bilia did not visit the battlefield. A man cannot devote his mind to two things at once, and M. Bilia and friends found plenty to occupy them inside the city, without seeking for adventures out of doors. On the 31st of October they tried to overturn the Government, in the month of December they tried again, and on the 24th of January they made a third effort, not more successful than the other two, but more glorious in this respect, that it resulted in a certain number of deaths, which always reads well in newspaper accounts. By this time, however, M. Bilia had ceased to be a Commandant, having been despotically cashiered, as he feckingly expressed it; and his battalion had also been disbanded, and there were some unpleasant rumours that if the Government caught M. Bilia it intended shooting him,—which I believe to have been a false report, for the Government of the National Defence would not have harmed a fly, not even a Prussian if it could have helped it—but which nevertheless had the effect of confining M. Bilia to out-of-the-way garrets, where he led an occult existence, only relieved by those occasional sorties to which I have just alluded. He reappeared altogether at the close of the siege, and I heard without surprise that he had been elected to represent an important democratical constituency in the National Assembly. There is a brilliant political future open before that young man. If he is fortunate enough to keep out of the hangman's hands there is no reason why he should not become Prime Minister, President of a Republic—Emperor, even, if the fancy takes him.

The fates of the other personages I have cursorily introduced were perhaps less enviable than that of the Citizen Bilia, perhaps more so, according to the point of view. Colonel de Kerhoel was shot at that second attack on the Bourget with five hundred out of his eight hundred men. Young Robache, not yet cured of his wound, but able to lift his arm sufficiently

to hold a rifle, decamped from his ambulance without surgeon's leave, on the morning of the battle of Villiers, and was buried the next day in the small village church-yard, which was all too narrow to contain the number of French graves that had to be dug. The surgeon himself was carried off by a stray shell whilst picking up the wounded on the field of Montretout; and at about the time of this, the last battle of the siege, I met with the following two lines in most of the papers:—

"We regret to announce the death of Mme. la Comtesse de Verveine, who died on the 15th, of typhus fever, caught in the Ambulance of Ste. Rosemonde, aged 28."

As for M. Tricoche, I had few occasions of speaking to him after the episode furnished by the visit of M. Bilia. Our paths lay apart. The duties of newspaper correspondence took me to all points of the compass, perpetually moving, perpetually scribbling; and if here and there, whilst jotting down notes at sunset on a corpse-strewn field, I caught sight of the well-known figure kneeling with gourd or crucifix in hand over a prostrate form, we seldom either of us had more than the time to exchange a rapid word in passing or a silent grasp of the hand. Still, I continued to hear of M. Tricoche. Soldiers talked of him with a strange respect; generals wished there were a few more like him; "Sons of Brutus" swore he was a Judas, and frequently hooted him in the streets. I learned that his ambulance was always full, and it was cited as one of those where the wounded enjoyed most luxuries; for people said the Curé was spending every farthing he had, and that of all the money he had put by as Vicar of wealthy Ste. Rosemonde's, there would soon be not a penny left. On the day when the peace was signed I went to call upon M. Tricoche.

It was a sunshiny day. Paris seemed comparatively joyful—glad to know that the worst was over. Everywhere people were beginning to reopen their shops or unfasten their barricaded shutters; and in front of Ste. Rosemonde's I found the Distinguished Architect superintending the removal of the sacks of earth off the pet work of his genius. The red-cross flag was already gone, for it seems the wounded had been removed to the military hospitals, now less crowded. On the door figured this new announcement:—

"This Church will be reopened for Divine Service on the Sunday of Mid-Lent."

"PIERRE CHAMBOURNEAU, Curé."

"Pierre Chambonneau!" said I, in astonishment, and addressing myself to the Distinguished Architect; "but what has become of M. Tricoche?"

"Oh, haven't you heard?" said my interlocutor, filling an ash from his cigar and laughing. "M. Tricoche has resigned."

"Resigned? And for what reason?"

"Oh, you know"—and the Distinguished Architect shrugged his shoulders—"it's one of the new ideas that's come over him since the Empire fell. I can't say what's the meaning of it. I believe, myself, the good old man is a little—ahem!" (the D. A. touched his forehead significantly). "Somebody has heard him pretend that having misled the congregation he was entrusted to guide, he deserves to be deprived of his office. They say the Archbishop tried to pacify him; but you know at that age, when they get any notion into their heads, it's the deuce and all to make them understand reason. M. Tricoche has obtained a place as Vicaire* in some wild, heaven-forsaken parish down in the Pyrenees.—I beg pardon. Heigh there! mind what you're about with that sack of earth: you all but sent it through the oriell."

I walked away, without a word, in the direction of M. Tricoche's lodgings. At the door a "commissionnaire" was putting some luggage on a hand-truck, and Mlle. Virginie, the Curé's housekeeper, dressed as if for a journey, was coming behind him, with a parcel or two.

"Oh, it's you, Monsieur," said she, curtseying; "you're just in time to say goodbye to M. le Curé."

"Is it really good-by?" I asked with some emotion: for the Curé just then appeared himself with the last of his luggage—a few books.

"Yes, dear friend," answered he, with a peaceful smile, and he held out his hand.

No doubt he guessed the mute question in my looks, for, still holding my hand, he said with quiet earnestness:—"Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas; et invocabo misericordiam Domini." Then, making the sign of the cross before me as a farewell, he added:—"Dominus tecum."

I am certain I never responded with deeper fervour:—"Et cum spiritu tuo."

* *Vicaire*, in French, is curate, and *cure*, vicar.

From The Spectator.
THE CHANCES OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

Of all the problems — and they are endless — presented by the condition of France, no one is so perplexing to Englishmen as the extent of the strength or weakness of the Legitimist idea. Is Henri Cinq merely a name, or has the respectable gentleman of fifty-one who bears that title any substantial chance of mounting the throne of France? Ask any Frenchman you will, not a Legitimist, his opinion, and he will tell you that loyalty in the old sense is utterly dead in France; that the people have forgotten the Bourbons, or associate them only with tithes; that Henry V. is to them a mere name; that Legitimacy is the highly honourable tradition of a few great families, or the highly dishonourable affectation of a few men who use its profession as a passport to good society, but that it is in no sense and among no class a working political creed. The love for the White Flag is, in fact, an antiquarian sentiment. This belief has been entertained by a succession of rulers, some of whom at all events must be held to have understood France. Napoleon I., though he warred with the Vendéans, never dreaded or disliked the Legitimists as individuals, and though he shot the Duc d'Enghien, systematically trusted them in his diplomatic service. Louis Philippe insulted the party, as in the affair of the Duchess de Berri, without fear, while perpetually making concessions to the Bonapartists, who, as he always believed, outnumbered his own friends. Napoleon III., detesting and dreading the Orleanists, not only courted the Legitimists, but tried to utilize the historic sentiment in their favour for the benefit of his own dynasty, suggesting, for example, in a public manifesto, that one day the fittest title for his own son, then just born, would be the old one of Child of France. And finally, Gambetta, besides employing them readily in all departments, omitted them with strong words of praise from his denunciations and decree of disqualification. This confidence, so strange in men who towards other parties exhibited a feeling of distrustful antipathy, was justified by almost all the visible facts. During forty years the Legitimists have never been able to raise an insurrection, nor during those years can they ever be said to have had out of Brittany a party at the polls. A few great Legitimists, like Berryer, rose to Parliamentary distinction; but their relations with Frohsdorf were tolerated on all hands,

as being rather courteous triflings of a gentlemanly and even commendable kind, than serious intrigues. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the first Restoration revealed an unexpected depth of regard for the old line, and was followed by the dangerous popular movement so well described by Louis Blanc under the title of "The White Terror." No sooner again is government in the provinces overthrown and the country left to itself, than the peasants send up troops of Legitimists as representatives, till they are the strongest fraction in the Chamber, and observers of some experience, though doubtless also of much prejudice, like the Parisian correspondent of the *Times*, affirm that the Assembly as a body has decided to acknowledge the right of the exile of Frohsdorf to the throne of France; and serious politicians interest themselves in projects of fusion, which on the usual theory ought to be about as important as an arrangement between the two lines of Reuss. The Church declares herself friendly to the cause of the dynastic pretender, and Henry V. himself is so much encouraged that he, for the first time, puts forward a programme intended to be something more than a purely literary effort. Hitherto he has contented himself with asserting and reasserting his historical "rights," but his declaration of May 8 is an intelligible and, in some respects, an able political programme, suggesting either that the Comte de Chambord is an abler man of the reflective kind than he was believed to be, or that some one of modern capacity has at last obtained his ear. He does not, of course, surrender his own theory of his own place on earth — that would have ruined him morally with his own party — but he does offer some grave pledges intended to diminish suspicion as to the deductions he draws from his claim to be King by right divine. He renounces formally and distinctly any intention of exercising absolute power, and pledges himself to "submit all acts of his Government to the careful control of representatives freely elected." This pledge is intended, of course, to conciliate all those Orleanists who are rather Parliamentarians than followers of any dynasty, and may have a great effect upon the bourgeoisie, while it will not offend his own party, which, though it asserts the doctrine of divine right with almost incredible vehemence, has never denied the right of its head to use any agency or take any advice he pleased. Then he declares that he will not if restored interfere with equality,

which is one of "the conditions of the life of the nation;" or attempt to establish privileges, — a concession to the moderate Republicans, who are more afraid of aristocracy than of the throne; promises complete amnesty, even to the extent of employing men of all parties,— a bid for the adhesion of the bureaucracy; and finally pledges himself to secure efficacious guarantees for the Pope, — a bid for the village curés, hitherto the strongest because the most interested friends of the Bonapartists. The tone of the whole manifesto in fact is that of a man who believes that a movement will be made in his favour, which may succeed, if only the factions most likely to resist can be temporarily conciliated.

Is it conceivable that there is any ground for this tone, that the long despised Comte de Chambord is really one of the most probable candidates for the highest place in France? We cannot profess to answer the question with decision, but there is no visible reason for a peremptory No, and a good many for hesitation. Supposing a monarchy established at all, that is to say, supposing the great cities not to be conciliated, but to be held down, and M. Thiers to be dismissed — and in Paris at least, after this bombardment, the Assembly has no other alternative — the Comte de Chambord is quite as probable a monarch as any other. There is no man of the first eminence to be his competitor, no one in whom Frenchmen have any personal confidence, or to whom any party likely to vote for a monarchy has any devoted attachment. The Count may not be a strong man — though extremely little is known about him — but his rivals are not strong men either, at least if we may trust the indications that the Duc d'Aumale, able as he is as a critic, has in the crisis of his fortunes proved himself unequal to his great opportunities. His condemnation is that he is not now on the throne. The Count may not be able to reign, but he can sit in the chair of State just as well as the Comte de Paris, can select the same advisers, and is equally uncompromised by any incidents in his past career. He can have no personal enemies to punish, or personal injuries to avenge, or — as he says with a sly dig at his cousins of the younger branch which recalls the satiric temper of Louis XVIII. — personal fortune to build up. Being childless, is his suggestion, he can have no motive either to make money, or to form rich alliances, or to found a fortune, "unless it

be that of France." He has neither sympathy with the Germans nor support from them, for though he has lived in exile, it has been under the Austrian flag, just now by a funny turn of fortune rather popular in France. He has not bombarded Paris, and is not more hated there than any other King would be, perhaps less, for Paris has no gossip to tell of his career. There is no especial reason that we see why he should not be chosen, and two or three very powerful reasons in favour of such a choice. His personality is almost unknown, as unknown as that of Louis Napoleon in 1848, while his name is not unknown; for, after all, to say that the Bourbons are forgotten in France is, though perfectly true in one sense, more of an epigram than an fact. His selection, instead of adding one more to the list of dynastic parties, would eliminate one, for his heir is the Comte de Paris; and although the great Orleanists think that fact of a bad rather than a good importance, wishing their King to reign by election alone — they cannot alter history, or decree that the Comte de Paris shall not one day be the lineal chief of the Bourbons. And finally, his election would re-link the broken chain of history, and to a people so weary, so dispirited, so thirsty for repose, that of itself must have a certain charm. We do not see, if the Assembly declares for him, and that the cities are held down, and the peasantry refuse under the advice of the curés to resist, why the chances of Henry Cinq are not as good as those of any conceivable pretender. Of course, if the Army opposes, its opposition would be fatal; but there is no especial reason why the Army should oppose the Bourbons any more than the Orleanists, while the Count has at least this military merit — that he has never been defeated. The dynasty could not, we believe, last; but it might preside with some dignity and great moderation through the interregnum during which France must rehabilitate itself, and allow time for the revival of political life and governing capacity in a country in which twenty years of despotism appear to have temporarily extinguished both. A republic would revivify France more rapidly, and allow far greater scope for the action of a man of genius; but if the Assembly wins, and declares for a throne, most Englishmen will believe that among pretenders the heir of Hugh Capet may be pronounced at all events the least objectionable.